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YOUNG HEROES



PRINCE ATHEL



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SHERWOOD FOREST



FRONTIER SCOUT



JEREMY JONES



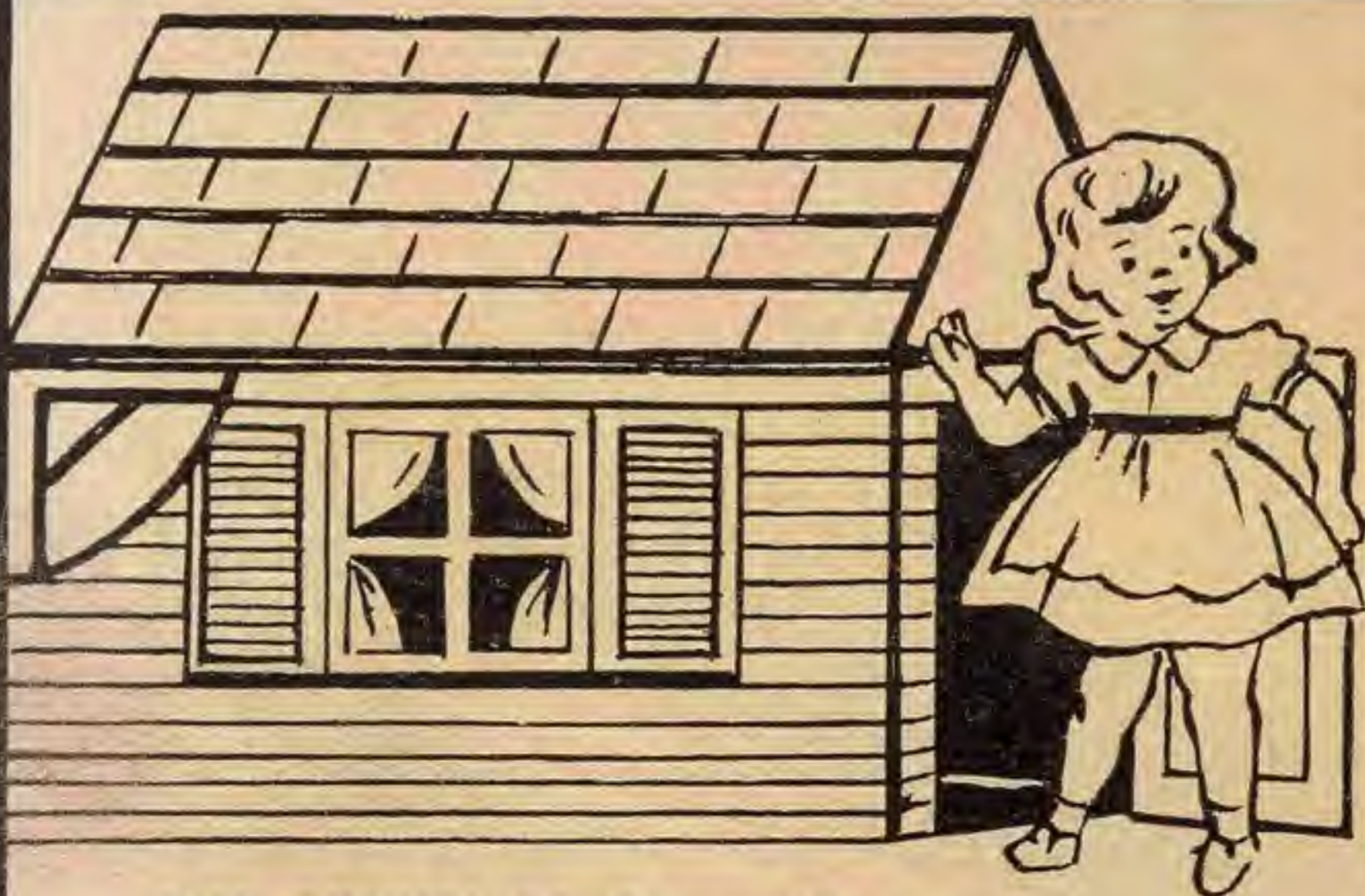
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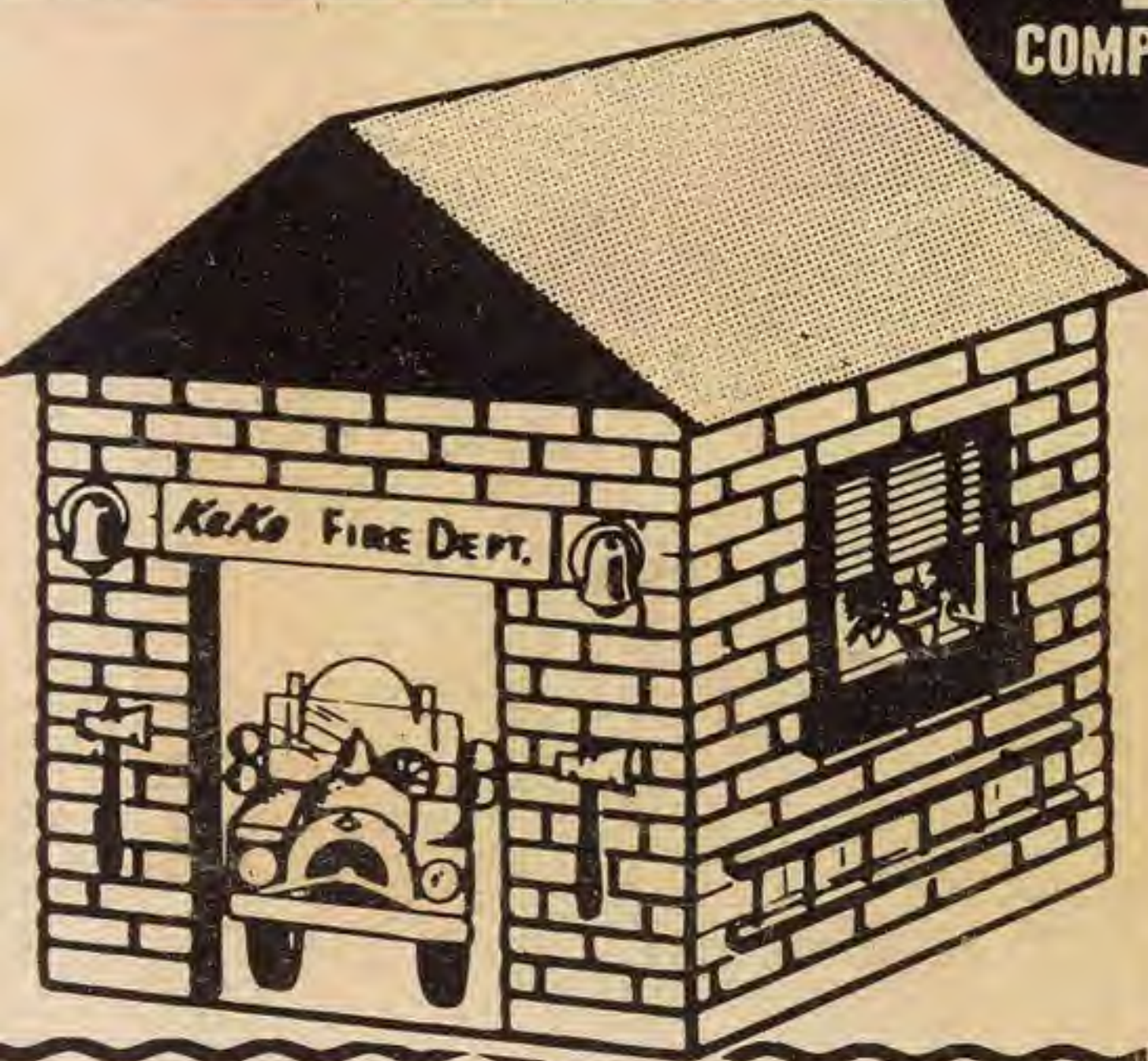
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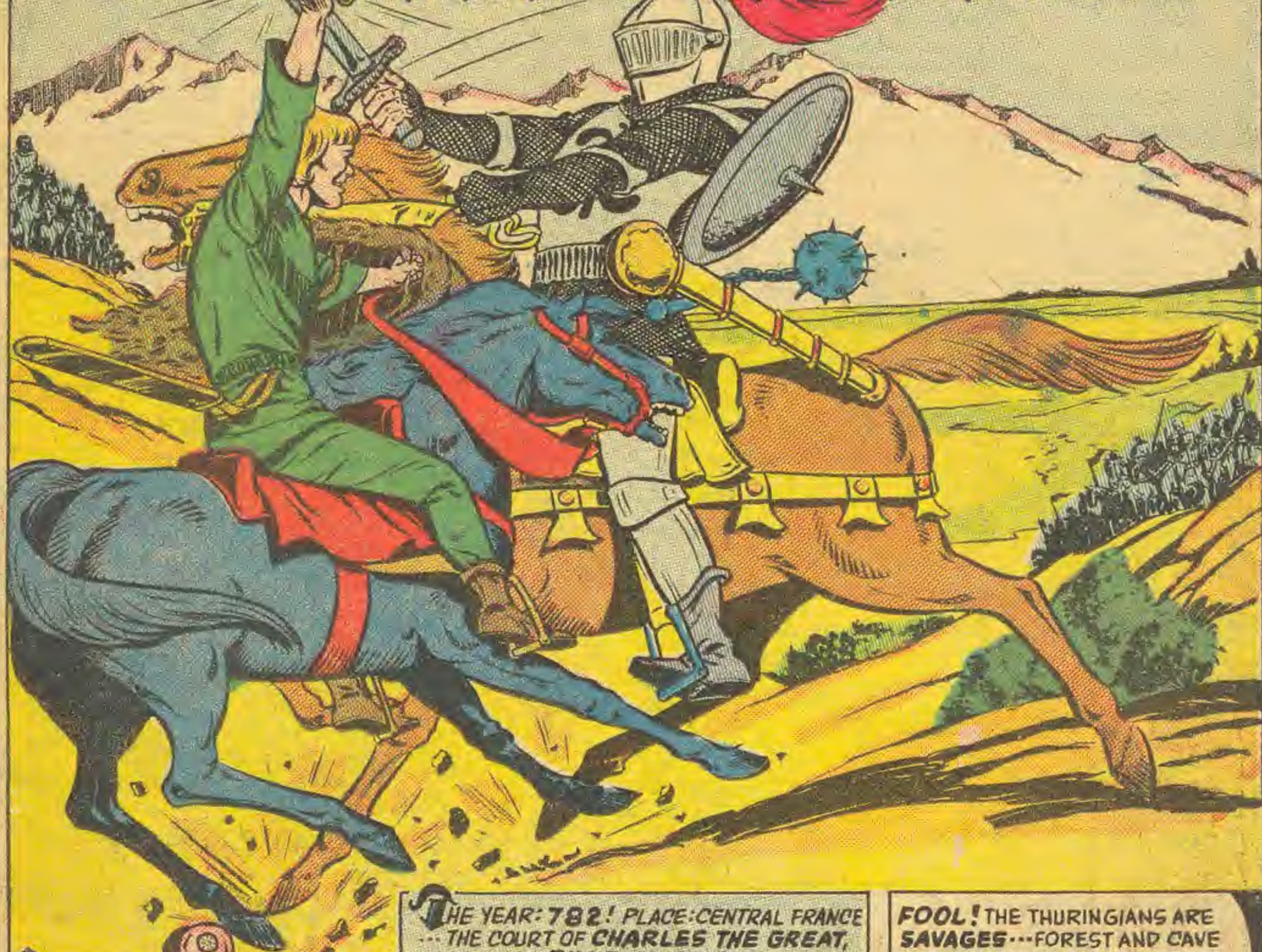
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Prince Athel



THE YEAR: 782! PLACE: CENTRAL FRANCE
... THE COURT OF CHARLES THE GREAT,
KNOWN AS CHARLEMAGNE!

TWELVE CENTURIES HAVE PASSED SINCE CHARLEMAGNE'S LEGIONS WITH FIRE AND SWORD HAMMERED AN EMPIRE OUT OF THE SAVAGE, PATCHWORK BOUNDARIES OF MEDIEVAL EUROPE! AND THROUGH 1200 YEARS OF MIGHTY HISTORY, THE NAMES OF CHARLEMAGNE'S NOBLE KNIGHTS HAVE BURNED BRIGHTLY IN SONG AND STORY: **ROLAND AND RINALDO, NAMO AND TURPIN, FLORISMART AND OGIER**, COURAGEOUS HEROES ALL! OF THE HANDFUL OF INTREPID WARRIORS WHOSE BRAVERY SAVED CHRISTENDOM FROM THE MOHAMMEDAN HORDES, NONE PLAYED SO GREAT A PART AS **YOUNG PRINCE ATHEL OF THURINGIA**, WHOSE CUNNING AND BREATHLESS DARING WON HIM THE COVETED TITLE OF... **PRINCE FEARLESS!**

AM I NOT BESET BY TROUBLES ENOUGH? WHILE MY MAIN ARMY IS ENTRENCHED ON THE BORDER OF SPAIN, WHERE THE MASSING ARABS THREATEN TO SWEEP OVER ALL EUROPE, CAN I NOT TRUST THEE TO SUBDUCE A PUNY LITTLE TRIBE LIKE THE **THURINGIANS?**

THEIR **NUMBERS** ARE SMALL, MAJESTY... BUT THEY FIGHT LIKE DEVILS!

FOOL! THE THURINGIANS ARE SAVAGES... FOREST AND CAVE DWELLERS! YET THOU BRINGEST ME NEWS OF A SEVERE DEFEAT INFLICTED ON US BY THESE UNCIVILIZED BOORS! HOW CAN I CONCENTRATE ON THE SARACENS WHEN MY NORTHERN FLANKS ARE INSECURE?

WITH THY PERMISSION, NOBLE SIRE, GRANT ME A REGIMENT WITH WHICH TO CRUSH THE THURINGIAN GNATS!



IT WAS THE REDOUBTABLE ROLAND, THE GREATEST KNIGHT IN ALL CHRISTENDOM...

THOU, ROLAND, THE MOST FEARED NAME IN MY REALM, SHALL I DESPATCH THEE AGAINST MERE SAVAGES?

WELL THOU KNOWEST, GREAT CHARLEMAGNE, THAT I HAVE BEEN RECOVERING FROM A GRIEVOUS SAXON WOUND THESE MANY MONTHS! THIS SMALL AFFAIR WILL SERVE TO RETEMPER MY HAND AND EYE FOR THE MORTAL BATTLES WITH THE ARABS YET TO COME!

CHARLEMAGNE'S BROW KNITTED INTO DEEP THOUGHT! THEN...

SO BE IT! SECURE MY NORTHERN BOUNDARIES WITH ALL HASTE... THEN JOIN ME AT **CASTLE AVARGES** AT THE SPANISH BORDER! I FEAR THE SARACEN ATTACK WILL NOT BE LONG IN COMING!

DEPEND UPON IT, SIRE!

ON THE FOLLOWING WEEKS ROLAND REACHED AND PLUNGED INTO THE WILD, CRAGGY LANDSCAPE OF THURINGIA! BY DAY NO ENEMY APPEARED, BUT AT NIGHT SWIFT RAIDS OVERWHELMED HIS OUTPOSTS AND WERE GONE WITH THE DAWN!

WHAT BREED OF FIGHTERS ARE THESE... TO STRIKE LIKE JACKALS AND MELT INTO THE NIGHT?

I KNOW ONLY THAT TEN YEARS AGO THE GREAT THURINGIAN CHIEFTAIN, **CEDRIC**, WAS KILLED IN BATTLE... LEAVING AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD SON BEHIND! UNTIL A YEAR AGO THEIR POWER WAS BROKEN, BUT NOW... **ROLAND, LOOK... A RIDER APPROACHES!**

BEARING A FLAG OF TRUCE, THE ENEMY RIDER CANTERED BRISKLY INTO THE FRENCH CAMP!

I BRING THEE TIDINGS FROM MY NOBLE LORD, **PRINCE ATHEL OF THURINGIA**! HE CHALLENGES THE LEADER AMONG THEE TO **SINGLE COMBAT**... TO DECIDE THE FATE OF OUR CONTENDING FORCES!

DONE! AND LET TOMORROW'S DAWN WITNESS OUR MORTAL ENCOUNTER!

NEXT DAY, ROLAND'S TROOPS GRINNED MOCKINGLY ACROSS THE WIDE FIELD SEPARATING THE ERSTWHILE ADVERSARIES...

A LUCKY TURN FOR US, GREAT ROLAND! IF THIS ATHEL KNEW HE FACED THEE, HIS ARMOR WOULD SHAKE ON HIS BODY!

YET I LIKE THIS NOT, BRIAN... JOUSTING WITH A SAVAGE CHIEFTAIN WHO KNOWS NOTHING OF THE LAWS AND RULES OF CHIVALRY! **IMPS OF TOPHET! CAN THAT BE HIM?**

ROLAND SAT HORRIFIED ASTRIDE HIS NOBLE STEED AS A RIDER APPROACHED WHO BORE NEITHER ARMOR NOR LANCE... A RIDER WHOSE BEARDESS CHIN AND YOUTHFUL COUNTENANCE BESPOKE A MERE LAD...

HAIL! I AM ATHEL OF THURINGIA... SON OF THE RENOWNED CEDRIC, OF IMMORTAL MEMORY! I LEAD MY PEOPLE NOW, AND WOULD CARRY THEIR DESTINY INTO BATTLE!

I... I WILL NOT FIGHT A CALLOW YOUTH! CALL FORTH A MAN FROM THY RANKS, RASH BOY!

MY SWORD WILL **AVENGE** THESE INSULTS, BRAGGART! EITHER FIGHT OR QUIT THE FIELD!

THOU GIVEST ME NO CHOICE, LAD! BUT I WILL MAKE THY DEATH MERCIFULLY SWIFT! **DEFEND THYSELF!**

THE DOUGHTY COMBATANTS SQUARED OFF... THEN CHARGED FULL TILT! THE MIGHTY ROLAND POISED HIS HEAVY SWORD, AND SWUNG! BUT...

SPLIT HIM FOR A MACKEREL!

LAY ON, PRINCE ATHEL!

FOR TWO HOURS THE GRIM STRUGGLE WAXED EVER MORE FIERCE! ROLAND'S SWORD GLINTED IN THE RISING SUN WITHOUT PAUSE, WHILE THE YOUNG THURINGIAN DARTED MIRACULOUSLY HITHER AND YON, AS DEXTROUS AS A PHANTOM, SKIRTING DEATH BY INCHES...

BY THE DEVIL'S HORNS, LAD, THOU ACQUITS THYSELF SO WELL 'T WILL BE A PITY TO KILL THEE!

NAY, GOOD KNIGHT... IT IS I WHO SHALL GRIEVE... FOR THEE!

THE ARMIES WERE SILENT NOW... AS THE MAGNIFICENT DUEL HELD ALL SPELLBOUND! AT LAST ROLAND'S MATURE STRENGTH BEGAN TO TELL, WHILE HIS THICK ARMOR WARDED OFF THE DEFT BLOWS OF HIS NIMBLE ADVERSARY!

THY HORSE TIRES, PRINCE... WILT THOU YIELD?

I KNOW NOT THE MEANING OF SUR-RENDER, KNIGHT! LAY ON!

THE UNEQUAL STRUGGLE COULD NOT HAVE LASTED LONG, BUT SUDDENLY...

HOLD! HOLD! A MESSAGE FOR ROLAND... FROM CHARLEMAGNE!

HO! TO ME!

ROLAND? BY THE HOLY ROOD... ART THOU THE RE-NOWNED ROLAND?

THE FIELD WAS DEATHLY STILL AS THE EXHAUSTED MESSENGER GASPED OUT HIS DIRE TIDINGS...

THE SARACENS... HAVE SWEEPED INTO FRANCE! CHARLEMAGNE IS BESEIGED IN CASTLE AVARGES! FIVE DAYS HAVE I GALLOPED TO FIND THEE, ROLAND! THY TROOPS ARE NEEDED... OR CHARLEMAGNE AND EUROPE ARE DOOMED!

THOU HAS HEARD THE NEWS, PRINCE! I BEG THEE LEAVE TO QUIT THE FIELD, AND GIVE MY PROMISE TO FINISH THIS COMBAT LATER!

ON ONE CONDITION, ROLAND! THE MOHAMMEDAN INVADERS THREATEN US ALL! I WOULD JOIN THEE IN THIS EXPEDITION WITH ALL MY MEN!

THY MOUNTAIN FIGHTERS HAVE NOT EVEN ARMOR... THEY WILL FALL LIKE MOWED WHEAT BEFORE THE SARACENS! BUT IF THOU WILT HAVE THEM SLAUGHTERED... COME!

THOU WILT LEARN THE ERROR OF THY THINKING, ROLAND! WE THURINGIANS WILL PROVE OURSELVES AGAINST THE ARABS, AND SO BRING FAME TO MY NAME AND NATION! NOW, WITH ALL DESPATCH... LET US RIDE!

AT BREAKNECK SPEED THE COMBINED FORCES GALLOPED SOUTH, WITH THE THURINGIANS ALWAYS FAR IN THE LEAD...

ROLAND'S MEN RIDE LIKE SNAILS, ATHEL...THEY HOLD US UP!

I CANNOT CONVINCE ROLAND TO DISCARD ARMOR AND TRAPPINGS! THEY HAVE MUCH TO LEARN OF OUR METHODS OF FIGHTING!



AT LAST THE BELEAGUERED FORTRESS OF CASTLE AVARGES WAS REACHED! UNDER THE MERCILESS POUNDING OF HUGE ARAB CATAPULTS, ITS DESTRUCTION COULD NOT BE LONG IN COMING...

WHAT CAN OUR SMALL FORCES DO AGAINST THE MIGHTY ARMY ARRAYED BELOW? BUT LET US TAKE HEART AS WE GALLOP ON THE FOE...AND DIE AS NOBLE KNIGHTS AND GOOD CHRISTIANS!



WAIT, BRAVE ROLAND...WHAT NUMBERS CAN NOT ACCOMPLISH, PERHAPS CUNNING CAN! HEAR MY PLAN!

ROLAND LISTENED AGHAST...FOR ATHEL PURPOSED TO RIDE WITH A PICKED FORCE AROUND THE ENEMY, INFILTRATE THE SARACEN LINES, PICK OFF THEIR LEADERS, AND SO DESTROY MORALE BEFORE ATTACKING FROM BEHIND!

MY MEN HAVE FAST HORSES AND LIGHTNING STEALTH! WHEN THOU SEEST MY FORCE UPON THE FIELD, GOOD ROLAND...ATTACK FRONTALLY AND THE ARABS ARE CRUSHED!

NEVER HAVE I HEARD SUCH TACTICS, ATHEL...BUT IT IS OUR ONLY CHANCE! GO...AND HEAVEN BLESS THIS ENTERPRISE!



WITH PICKED MEN THE BOLD THURINGIAN PRINCE GALLOPED IN A WIDE DETOUR AROUND THE ENEMY FORCE! AT NIGHTFALL A POWERFUL CATAPULT WAS HASTILY BUILT...

THE SARACEN CAMP IS WELL GUARDED! OUR ONLY CHANCE OF GETTING IN IS TO GO OVER THE OUTPOSTS! FROM YONDER HILL AT DUSK WE SAW A LARGE LAKE WITHIN THE ENCAMPMENT, AND IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT THIS CATAPULT WILL THROW ME INTO ITS CENTER!



WE FOLLOW YOU, ATHEL...TO VICTORY OR DEATH!

WITH THE FATE OF EUROPE HANGING IN THE BALANCE, THE CATAPULT WAS TRIGGERED...AND AN IMMORTAL EXPLOIT BEGAN!



THROUGH THE STILL NIGHT AIR HIS LITHE BODY HURTLIED! THE SLIGHTEST ERROR IN CALCULATION WOULD HAVE MEANT DEATH, BUT...



ONE BY ONE THE DARING THURINGIANS JOINED THEIR LEADER, UNTIL...

WELL DONE! THE SARACEN CHIEFTAINS SLEEP IN THE LARGE TENTS YONDER! FIRST WE MUST DISPOSE OF THE GUARDS...BUT SILENTLY! LET US NOT FAIL NOW!



LIKE JUNGLE CATS THE DAUNTLESS THURINGIANS CREEPT FORWARD...AND ONE BY ONE THE ENEMY GUARDS FELL...



THE ARAB CHIEFS HAD PLANNED LATE THAT NIGHT...GLOATING OVER THE IMMINENT DESTRUCTION OF CHARLEMAGNE! WITHOUT WARNING...



DAWN FOUND THE BATTERED WALLS OF CASTLE AVARGES STILL STANDING, WHILE THE SARACENS, UNAWARE OF THE CHAOS WROUGHT IN THEIR REAR, PREPARED FOR THE FINAL ASSAULT! BUT BEHIND THEM PRINCE ATHEL AND HIS SMALL FORCE WAS ARRAYED, LIKE GREY-HOUNDS ON A LEASH, EAGER FOR BATTLE...



IT WAS THE FIRST LIGHT CAVALRY CHARGE IN HISTORY, BUT SPEED AND SURPRISE TOLD! THE STARTLED SARACENS STOOD ROOTED IN TERROR AS THE WARRIORS FROM THE NORTH HACKED THEIR LINES TO RIBBONS...



THE SARACEN FIELD LEADERS SENT FRANTIC MESSENGERS TO THE HIGH CHIEFTAINS FOR ORDERS...ONLY TO LEARN THAT THEY WERE ALL DEAD! NOW, AS CONFUSION REIGNED, ROLAND AND HIS MEN TOOK THE FIELD!



THE SARACENS HAD BARELY RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK OF ATHEL'S ATTACK WHEN A GREATER BLOW STRUCK! THE VERY EARTH HEAVED TO THE SOUND OF POUNDING HOOVES AS THE MIGHTY STEEDS AND VALIANT KNIGHTS GALLOPED ONTO THE PLAIN!



THOUGH SHEER NUMBERS STILL GREATLY FAVORED THE SARACENS, THE INTREPID ONSLAUGHT HAD BALANCED THE SCALES! THOUSANDS OF SWORDS CLANGED ON THE BRISTLING FIELD AS THE ARMIES MET...



IT WAS TRUE! AT THAT MOMENT THE GRIM GATES OF CASTLE AVARGES SWUNG OPEN, AND THE DOUGHTY KNIGHTS WHO HAD BEEN PENT UP FOR WEEKS WITHIN...RODE OUT TO VENGEANCE...LED BY CHARLEMAGNE!



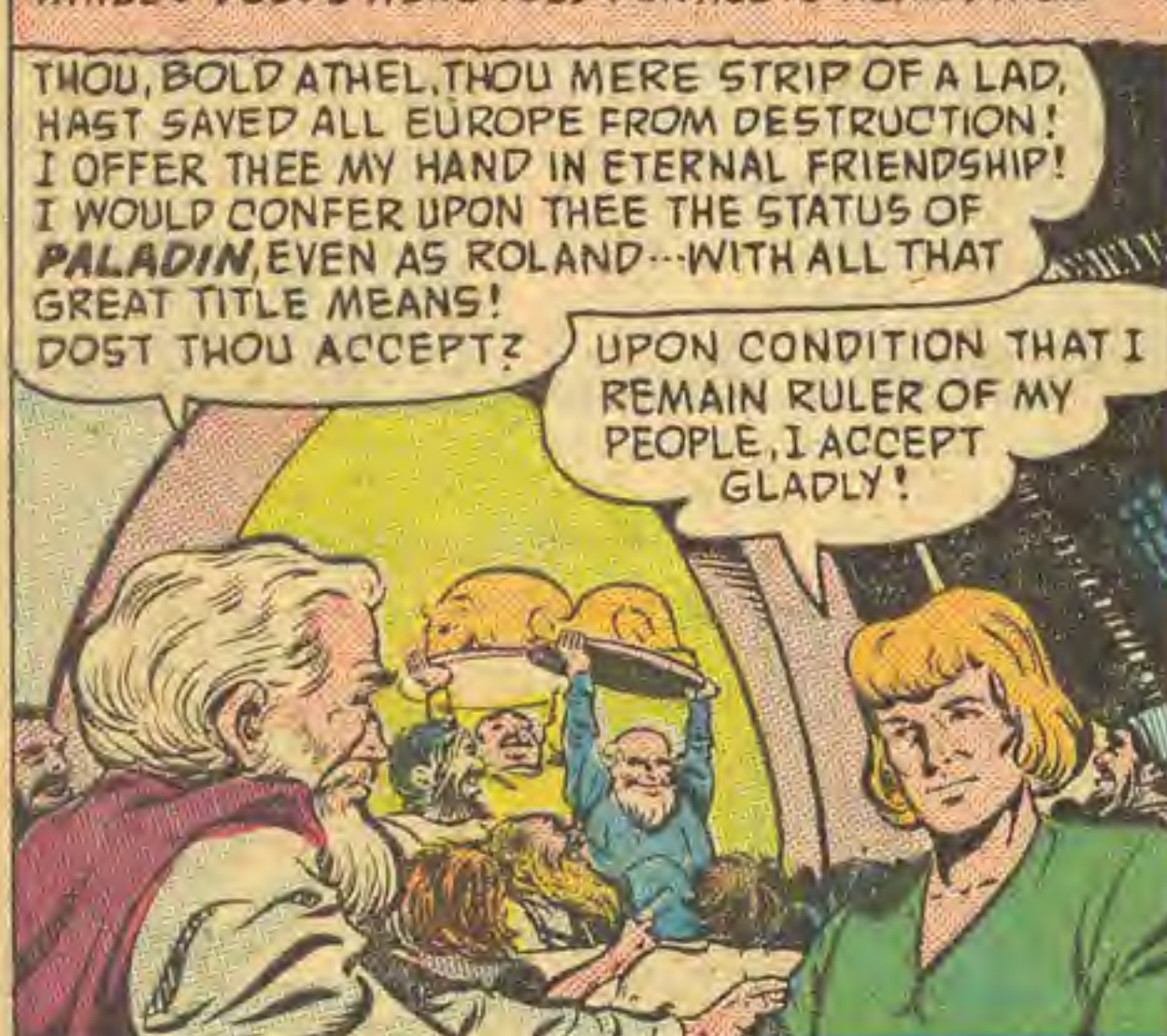
IT WAS AN OVERWHELMING SURGE, CARRYING ALL BEFORE IT! THE DEMORALIZED AND LEADERLESS SARACENS BROKE, AND FLED!



AND SO IT WAS THAT THE BATTLE BEFORE AVARGES BROKE THE POWER OF ISLAM IN EUROPE FOR ALL TIME! AND AS THE FRENCH, FLUSHED WITH VICTORY, PURSUED THE STRICKEN FOE...



THERE WAS GREAT FEASTING AND REJOICING WITHIN THE HALL OF CASTLE AVARGES THAT NIGHT...WHILE ATHEL'S DEEDS WERE TOLD FOR ALL TO HEAR! THEN...



GRANTED! I HAVE MUCH USE FOR ONE SO CUNNING AND BRAVE...WHILE THE HOLY LAND IS STILL TO BE FREED, AND MY EMPIRE MADE SECURE! I WILL GIVE THEE AS A GIFT THE FINEST ARMOR, STEED AND SWORD IN ALL MY REALM...FOR YOUR BATTLES YET TO COME! AND NOW, KNEEL... THAT I MAY KNIGHT THEE!



IT WAS A SOLEMN MOMENT! A HUSH FELL OVER THE GREAT BANQUET HALL, AS FOR THE FIRST TIME A NAME WAS SOUNDED WHICH WAS TO ECHO TO THE FARTHEST REACHES OF THE MEDIEVAL WORLD AND LIVE DOWN THE CENTURIES!



AND SO IT WAS... PRINCE FEARLESS!



SUCH WAS THE BEGINNING OF ATHEL'S MAGNIFICENT EXPLOITS! AND THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PRINCE FEARLESS WILL BE COMING TO YOU NEXT ISSUE...DON'T MISS IT!

THE END!

HEY KIDS!



MATCH YOUR WITS with the Smith Brothers!



THERE WAS ONCE A YOUNG FELLOW NAMED PERRY
WHO CAUGHT A BAD COLD ON A FERRY
HE STOPPED ALL HIS HACKING
AND SENT HIS COUGH RACKING...



...WITH COUGH DROPS

-SMITH BROTHERS WILD CHERRY!

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How you'll go for Smith Brothers Wild Cherry Cough Drops! They're so delicious—tantalizing and good—just wait till you taste that Wild Cherry flavor! And they s-o-o-t-h-e your throat when coughing starts. Get 'em—you'll love 'em!

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- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1-2 rhymes:
JUST FAIR! | <input type="checkbox"/> 5-6 rhymes:
BETTER THAN MOST! |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3-4 rhymes:
NOT BAD! | <input type="checkbox"/> 7 or more rhymes:
TOO SMART—YOU BEAT US! |



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PAUL REVERE'S ASSISTANT

BET you never knew that Paul Revere had an *assistant*, did you? You won't find anything in the history books about it, but here's the story as it was told to us. It starts, as you might expect, on the evening of April 18th, in the year 1775. It was on that night that Paul Revere launched his memorable ride from Charlestown to Lexington, to give warning of the approach of British troops from Boston. So far, the story checks — right?

Now get ready for the part you *didn't* know. Gregory Lord and Hugo Monfort were what we today would call *counter-spies* — in the pay of King George III. It was their business to operate against Colonial spies — and in a way, we guess Paul Revere would have to be included in that category. They'd been tipped off that if he succeeded in gaining information on the projected British troop movement that night, he might ride to warn the colonists. And so, when he flashed down the road towards Lexington, it didn't take much figuring to come up with the right answer. Lord and Monfort knew they had to head him off to nip any possible rebellion in the bud — so, mounted on fast horses, they pursued him. They *had* to get him before he could arouse the countryside!

It wasn't any wonder that they overtook him. He had to conserve his mount's strength for the long ride ahead, while they went all out in their pursuit of him. But Revere didn't know that they were close behind him when he stopped at the Blandings farm in the hamlet of Arthis, and brought the householders tumbling from their beds with his famous cry of "To arms! The British are coming!"

It was all very thrilling to young Tim Blandings, age 14. To him, Revere seemed rightly a heroic patriot, and he tried to tell him that while his father and older brother prepared for the fight which lay ahead. But Paul Revere had no time for compliments, for the greatest part of his ride still lay ahead. Bidding Tim a hasty goodbye, he galloped out the gate, and the boy followed to watch him disappear into the night. He was

just in time to see two shadowy figures ride from either side of the road, hemming Revere in. There was a brief struggle — and he was a captive. His heart in his throat, Tim crept closer. He heard one of the men saying, "We're taking you back to Boston, Revere—where you'll stand trial as a spy! Lucky we got to you before you could arouse the countryside! This way it'll be easy sledding for our troops when they move in!"

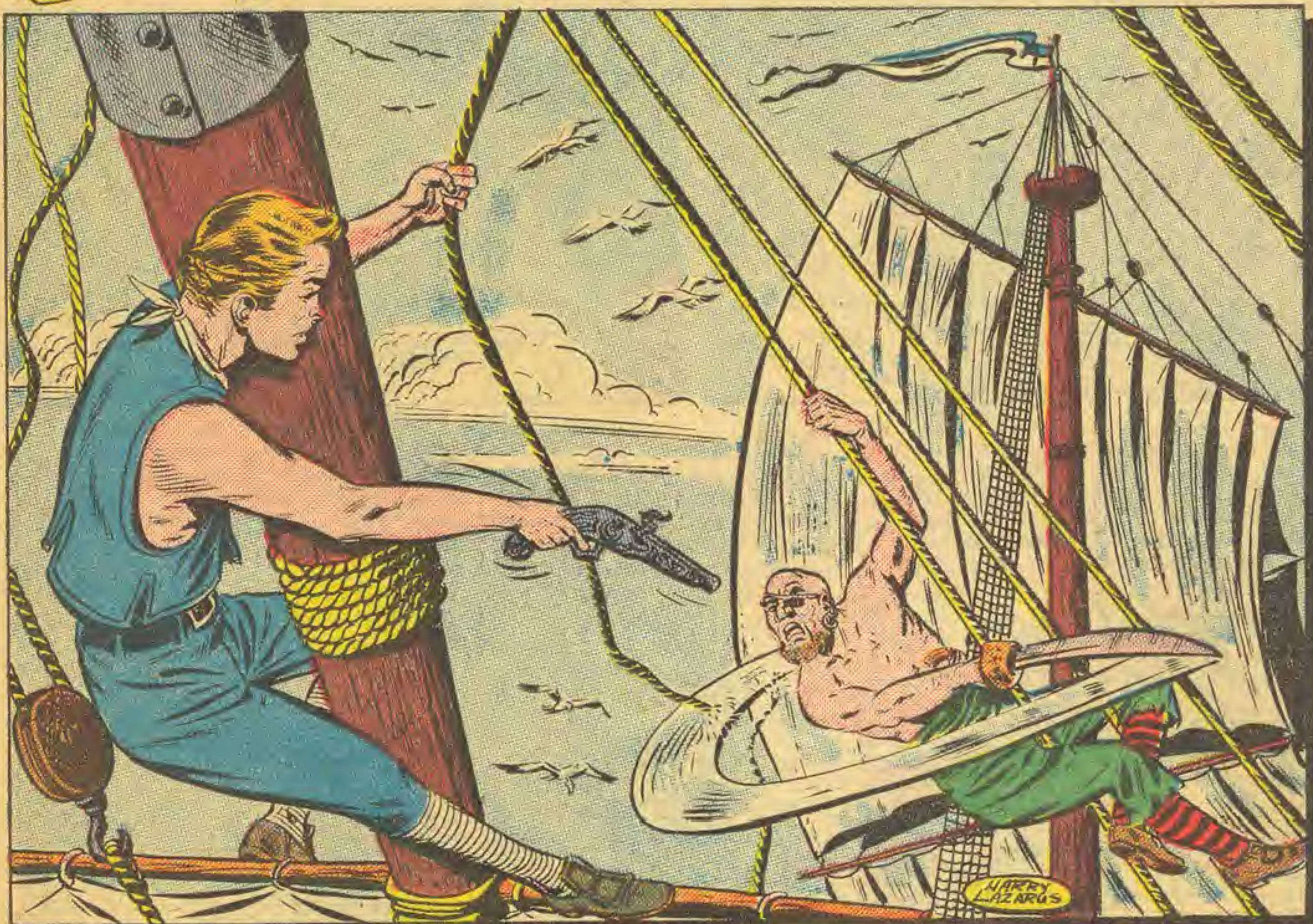
It *couldn't* happen — he couldn't let them do it! But what could he do about it — a boy, and unarmed? His eyes lit upon the nearby barn, and suddenly an idea came to him. Racing to the barn, he emerged with Lucy, the Blandings cow — elderly, short-tempered and with a dislike for strangers that had become legendary for miles around. Leading her to the road, he pointed her towards where the two Britons were busily engaged in tying Paul Revere's hands behind him. Then a smart slap on the flank — and she was off!

To the men on the road, the raging beast that burst into their midst could be nothing less than an enraged bull, bent on their complete destruction. Lord and Monfort took off fleeing wildly, with Lucy lumbering after in pursuit. This left the helpless Revere — and Tim soon had him untied. There was time only for a fervent word of thanks and a hasty handclasp — and the great patriot was mounted and galloping on his interrupted mission.

Everybody knows how it came out, with the farmers roused and making a stand which drove the Redcoats back in complete defeat. This was the shot heard around the world — the first step towards America's freedom. And now you'll understand what we mean when we refer to Paul Revere's assistant — young Tim Blandings, whose quick thinking had made all this possible. And while you're at it, let's give a special vote of thanks to Lucy, who may have been short-tempered — but who sure was a big help when she was needed!

JEREMY JONES

Of the QUEEN'S NAVY



TURN BACK THE CLOCK, READER---TURN BACK THE CENTURIES TO THE COLORFUL DAYS OF FIGHTING SHIPS, OF DEADLY PRIVATEERS AND SWASHBUCKLING PIRATES! SEE 16TH CENTURY ENGLAND COME ALIVE AS A SIMPLE APPRENTICE BOY SAW HIS DREAMS COME TRUE---AND HER MAJESTY'S NAVY SWEEP THE SEAS! HERE IT IS, A BREATHTAKING ACCOUNT OF BATTLE AND BRAVERY---AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF JEREMY JONES HIMSELF!

THE YEAR WAS 1587---AND YOU'D NEVER HAVE THOUGHT OF ME, JEREMY JONES, AS A SEAFARER! NOT BACK IN THOSE DAYS---NOT A MERE HATTER'S APPRENTICE---



NOW MIND YOU
STICK TO YOUR BLOCKS!
THERE'LL BE NO WASTING
TIME IN MY EMPLOY!

BUT I HAD MY DREAMS---DREAMS OF FREEDOM---OF THE WIND AND THE TOSSING SEA! AND IN EVERY SPARE MOMENT, THEY LED ME TO THE LONDON DOCKS---



AYE, THE SEA'S THE PLACE FER
ACTION AN' ADVENTURE---AN'
FIGHTIN' APLENTY---IF IT'S
FRANCIS DRAKE YE SHIP
ALONG WITH
A CAP'N AT
22---

---AND THE SCOURGE
OF THE SPANISH---
AND THE FIRST ENGLISH-
MAN EVER TO SAIL AROUND
THE WHOLE WORLD!
OH, IF ONLY I COULD
PUT OUT TO SEA---
UNDER A MAN
LIKE THAT---!

THESE WERE STIRRING TIMES! WAR WITH SPAIN WAS UNDERWAY, AND SIR FRANCIS DRAKE HAD BEEN PLACED IN COMMAND OF A FLEET OF PRIVATEERS! YOU CAN BE SURE I WAS ON HAND, WATCHING AS SAILING-TIME NEARED! I HAD EYES ONLY FOR THE SHIP, SO...



I'D SEEN HIM BEFORE... AND ENVIED HIM, FOR HE WAS CABIN-BOY ABOARD THE SWAN, DRAKE'S FLAGSHIP! WELL, HE WAS IN FOR A SURPRISE NOW! IF THERE WAS ONE THING I'D LEARNED ON LONDON'S STREETS, IT WAS HOW TO TAKE CARE OF MYSELF...



THE SWAN WAS SAILING... WITHOUT ITS CABIN-BOY! CRAZILY, THE THOUGHT CAME TO ME THAT THEY NEEDED A CABIN-BOY... AND WHY SHOULDN'T IT BE ME? WITHOUT PAUSING TO THINK OF THE CONSEQUENCES...



I'D DONE IT... I'D DONE IT! AS I WATCHED THE DINGINESS OF OLD LONDON DROPPING BEHIND, I KNEW FOR THE FIRST TIME WHAT TRUE HAPPINESS WAS!



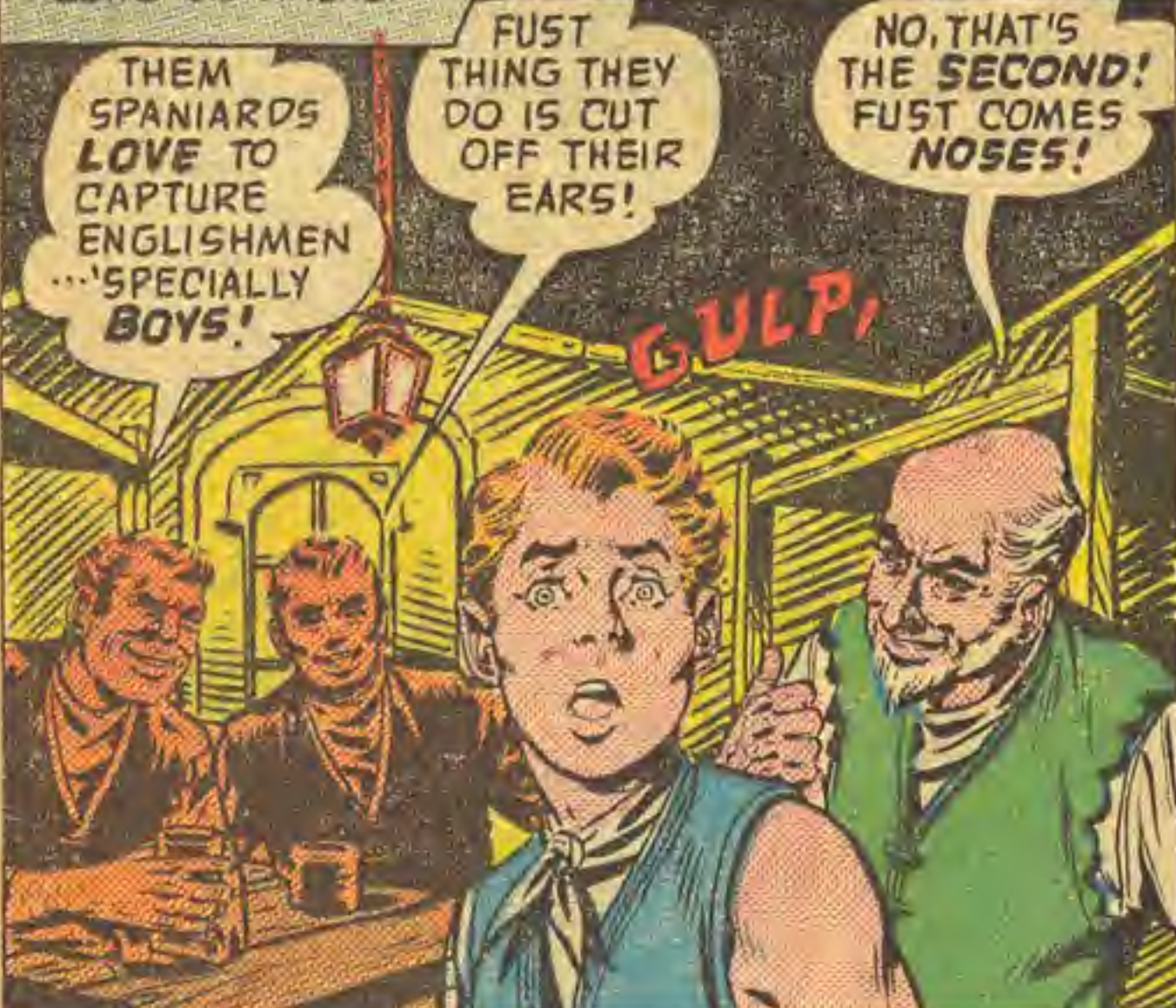
THIS WAS THE FAMOUS FIGHTING FACE ALL ENGLAND KNEW! IT WAS... SIR FRANCIS DRAKE!



WELL... IT WASN'T EXACTLY ADVENTURE I GOT...



I DID GET STORIES...PLENTY OF THEM...AND THEY MADE ME WONDER WHETHER I'D BEEN WISE TO COME ALONG SO RASHLY...



THEM SPANIARDS LOVE TO CAPTURE ENGLISHMEN...SPECIALY BOYS!

FUST THING THEY DO IS CUT OFF THEIR EARS!

NO, THAT'S THE SECOND! FUST COMES NOSES!

GULP!

BUT AS THE WEEKS FLED PAST, I LEARNED THE WAYS OF THE SEA...AND THE SHIP...



ALL THE WAY UP, LAD! YE'VE GOTTA CONQUER YER FEAR!

I GREW USED TO THE KICK OF THE WHEEL...



CAREFUL NOW, JEREMY! IF THE CAP'N SEES YE AT THE HELM, THERE'LL BE THE DEVIL TO PAY!

...NOT TO MENTION A FEW ASSORTED KICKS WHEN HIS LORDSHIP DISCOVERED ME!



...AND KEEP AWAY FROM MISCHIEF...OR I'LL...

YESSIR, CAP'N... YES-SIR!

FRANCIS DRAKE WAS LIKE THAT! SOMETIMES I THOUGHT I HATED HIM...



OH, HE'S IMPORTANT... AND HE LETS YOU KNOW IT, DOES SIR HIGH-AND-MIGHTY! ALWAYS COMPLAINING, NEVER GATISFIED...

MEBBE HE IS A MITE SHORT-TEMPERED...BUT IF YE EVER SEE HIM IN BATTLE, YE'LL BE THANKFUL FER IT! IT'S WHAT HELPS MAKE HIM A FIGHTER!

I HAD AN OPPORTUNITY TO JUDGE WHEN WE REACHED THE SPANISH MAIN, AND FELL IN WITH SPANISH MERCHANTMEN! HE WAS A FIGHTER, ALL RIGHT... BUT I DIDN'T LIKE HIM ANY THE BETTER FOR IT...



WE'VE SILENCED HER GUNS, CAP'N! SHALL WE CLOSE FER BOARDIN'?

RIGHT!...YOU, CABIN-BOY! GET OFF THE DECK INTO SHELTER...OR I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET 20 LASHES FOR IT!

BUT THE CABIN-BOY WAS LEARNING TO MAKE HIMSELF USEFUL! THERE WASN'T MUCH THAT MISSED MY EYE...LIKE THAT DAY UP IN THE CROW'S-NEST...



SAIL, HO! OFF THE PORT BOW! SHE'S A BIG SPANISH MAN O' WAR!



YES, IT WAS A SPANISH SHIP OF THE LINE...ONE MINUTE! BUT THE NEXT MINUTE, SHE RAN DOWN HER ENSIGN...AND RAN UP ANOTHER! SHE WAS A PIRATE!



THIS WOULD HAPPEN NOW...WHEN THE REST OF OUR PRIVATEER FLEET HAS SCATTERED TO LOOK FOR PREY! IT'S ONLY US AGAINST HER...AND SHE'S TOO BIG AND HEAVILY-ARMED!

AND TOO FAST...SHE'S COMING UP ON US! BREAK OUT THE GUNPOWDER AND OUTLASSES FOR ALL HANDS! WE'VE GOT ONE ADVANTAGE, ANYWAY...SHE DOESN'T KNOW WE'RE AN ARMED PRIVATEER!



WELL...SHE LEARNED FAST ENOUGH!

PRIVATEER... BUT WE'LL MAKE 'EM CURSE THE DAY THEY WERE BORN! RAKE 'ER WITH BROAD-SIDES!



WE DIDN'T HAVE THE GUNS TO MATCH THEIR FIRE! BUT I HAD TO ADMIRE DRAKE AS HE STOOD THERE, RESOLUTE, AMID THE WRECKAGE THAT HAD BEEN HIS SHIP...WAITING FOR THE PIRATE TO CLOSE FOR BOARDING...

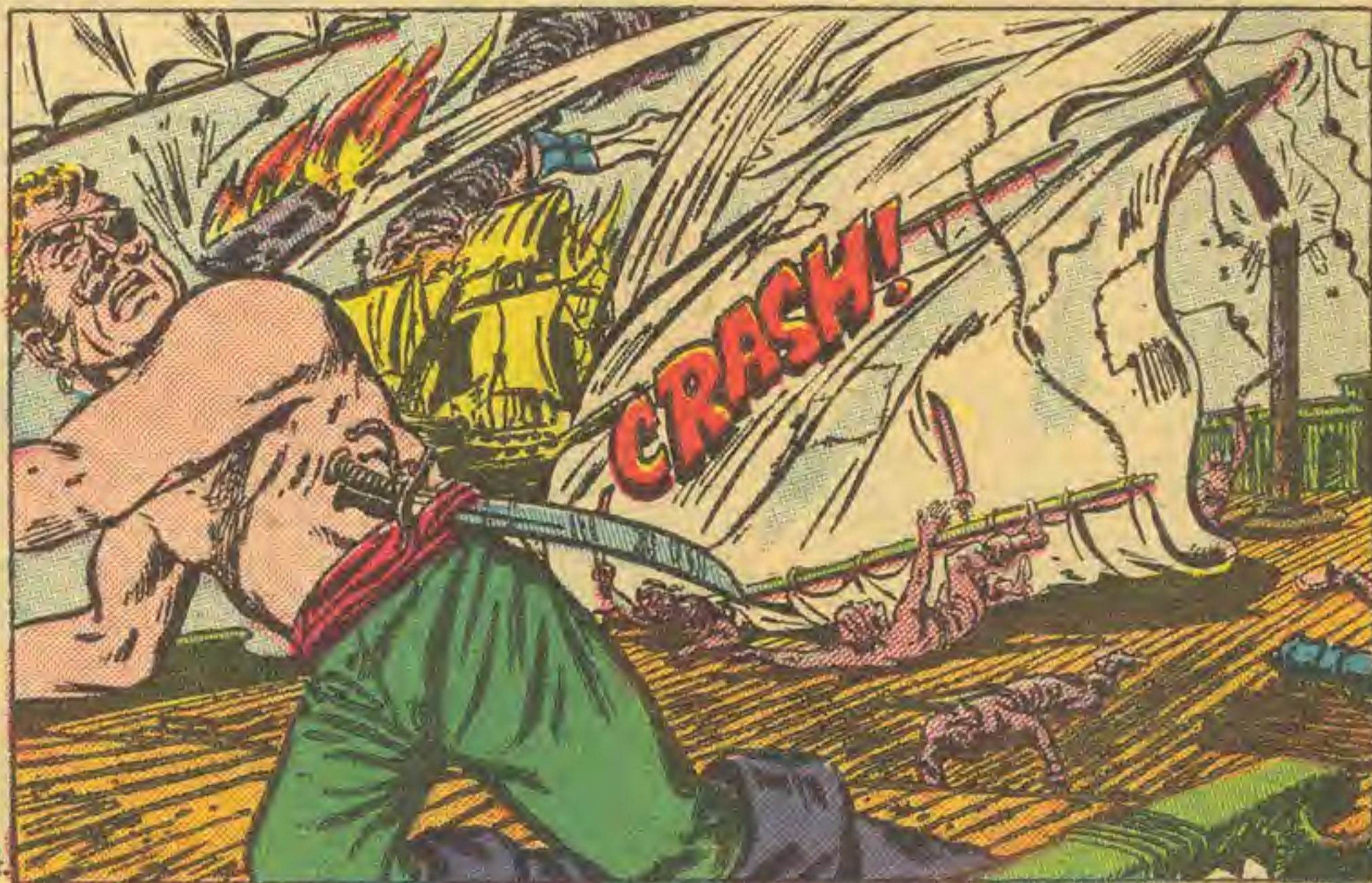
THERE'S NOBODY...TO MAN THAT CANNON NOW!



HARDLY KNOWING WHAT I WAS DOING, I RUSHED TO TAKE THE FALLEN GUNNER'S PLACE! THE TARGET LOOMED LARGE ABOVE ME AS I PULLED THE LANYARD...



IT WAS PROVIDENCE THAT GUIDED THAT SHOT! DOWN CAME THE PIRATE'S MAINMAST WITH RENDING IMPACT, BURYING THE MURDEROUS CREW BE- NEATH ITS COVERING BULK!



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

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LICENSE TAG COLORS, TOO!



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HIGH TENSION
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Please send me 10 Regulus guided missiles for \$1.

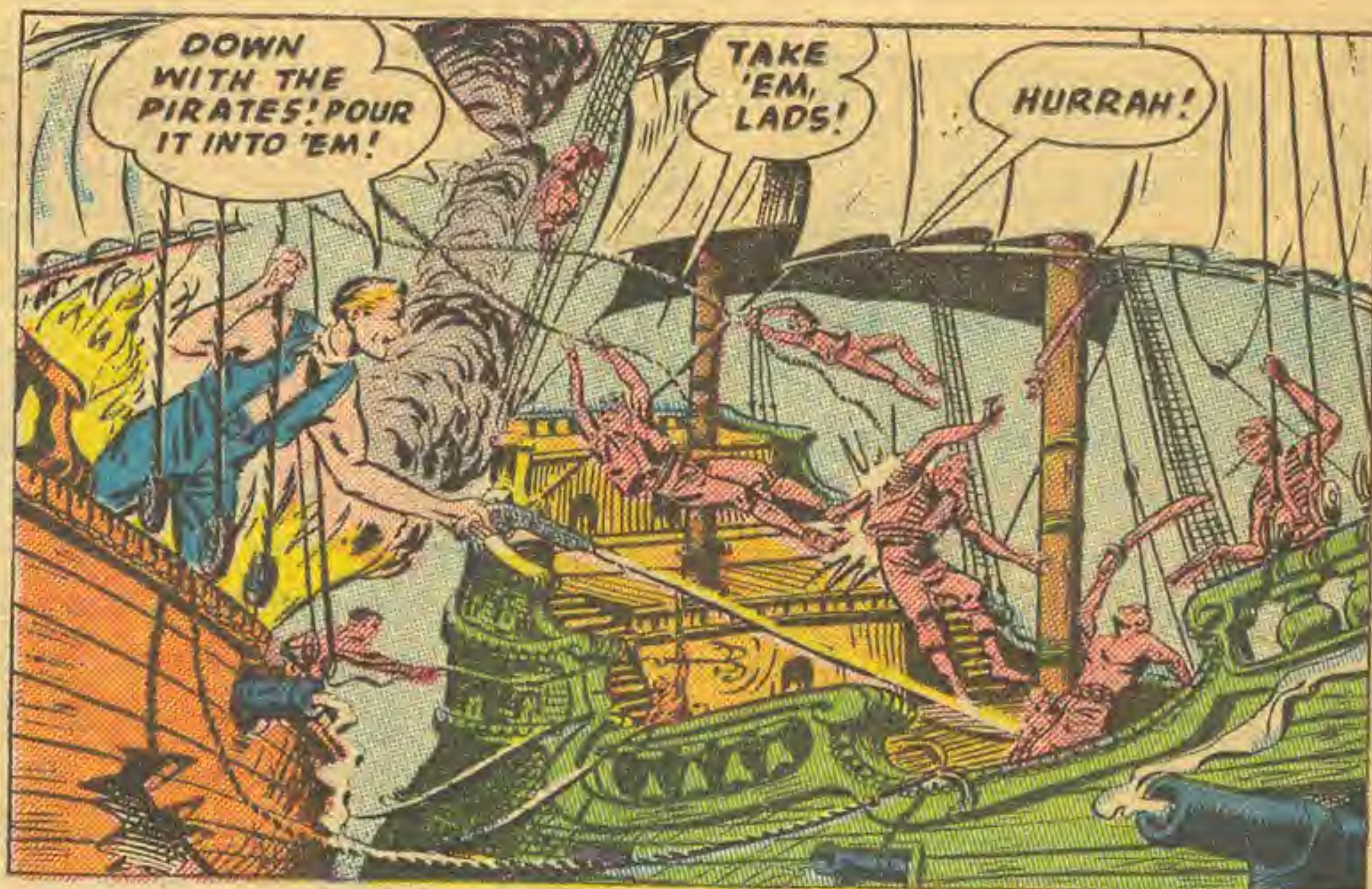
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PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED



HE HAD A PLAN...AND THE COURAGE TO SEE IT THROUGH! SPIES BROUGHT WORD THAT THE SPANIARDS WERE GATHERING IN THE BAY OF CADIZ...AND SO, ON APRIL 19TH, 1587, WE STRUCK BY NIGHT! THIS WAS NO NAVAL ENGAGEMENT, BUT A THING OF MUFFLED OARS...OF PITCH-SOAKED TORCHES...



QUIET! THE CAP'N WANTS US TO GET RIGHT UP TO THEM BEFORE WE KINDLE THE TORCHES! CLOSER... CLOSER...



...NOW!

WHAT A SUCCESS IT WAS...THIS OPERATION DRAKE CALLED "SINGEING THE KING OF SPAIN'S BEARD"! IN ONE WONDERFUL NIGHT, 10,000 TONS OF SPANISH SHIPPING WENT UP IN FLAME!



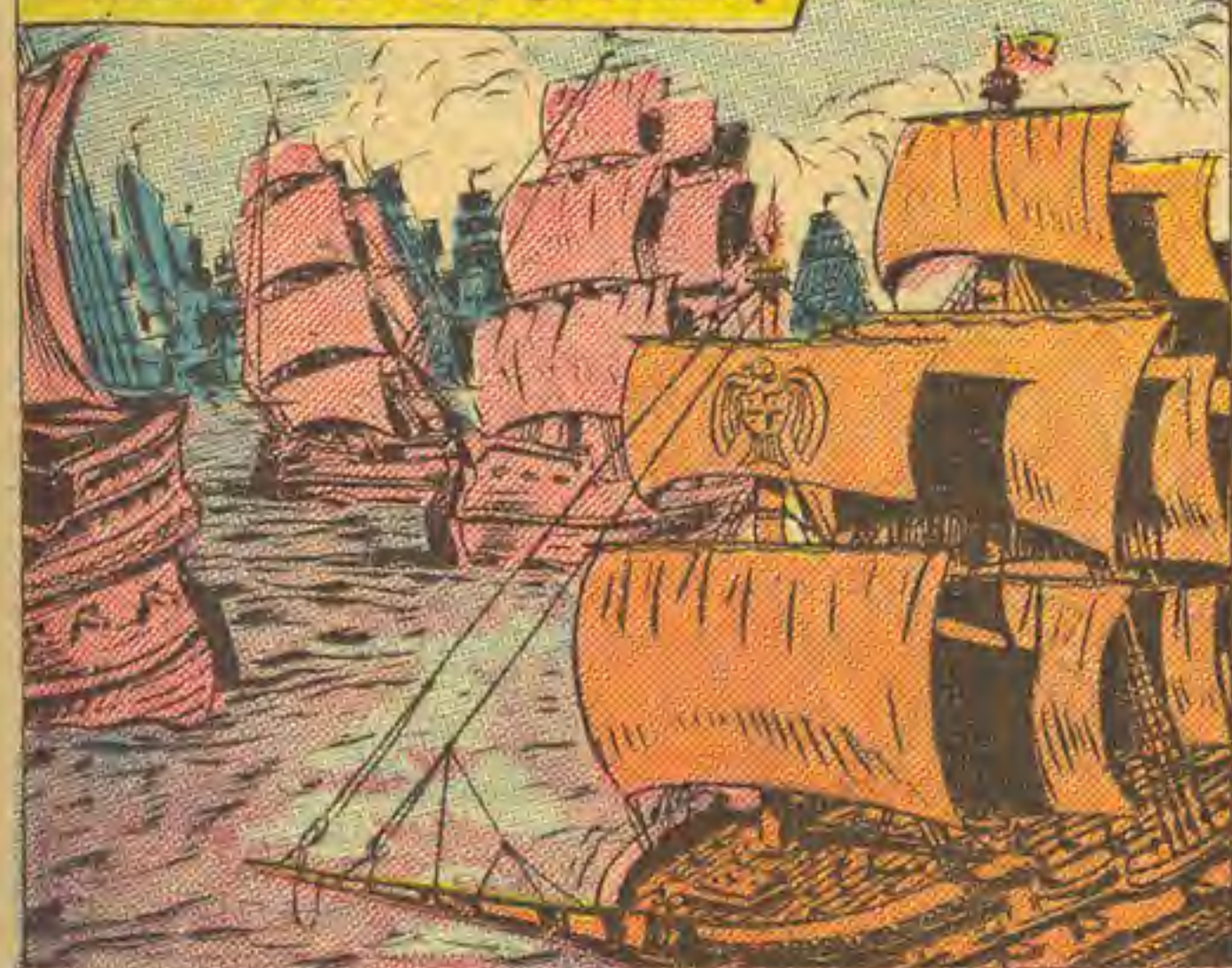
IT GAVE US THE PRECIOUS TIME WE NEEDED! WE WORKED LIKE BEAVERS...AS ENGLAND'S MERCHANT SHIP OWNERS CAME FORWARD, VOLUNTEERING THEIR ALL...



THERE SHE IS...MY AMANDA! SHE'S A STOUT CRAFT...GIVE HER GUNS, AND SHE'LL FIGHT WELL FOR HER COUNTRY!

THANK YOU, SIR! ON BEHALF OF ADMIRAL DRAKE...WE CAN USE HER!

ON JULY 19TH, 1588, THE SPANISH ARMADA WAS SIGHTED OFF THE LIZARD! IT CONSISTED OF 130 VESSELS, DRAWN FROM ALL PARTS OF THE SPANISH EMPIRE...MANNED BY SOME 7,000 SAILORS AND UPWARDS OF 17,000 SOLDIERS...SAILING AGAINST ENGLAND!



HURRIEDLY, WE PUT OUT TO SEA...90 QUEEN'S SHIPS AND ARMED MERCHANTMEN, VASTLY OUTNUMBERED BY THE APPROACHING INVADERS! BUT WHILE DRAKE WAS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF...THERE WAS HOPE!



WE'LL MEET SOON...AND HISTORY WILL GIVE THE VERDICT!

THE TWO FLEETS COLLIDED IN A DESPERATE BATTLE FOR EMPIRE! THE SENORS SOON LEARNED THAT ENGLISH SEAMANSHIP AND THE ENGLISH FIGHTING HEART WERE A REDOUBTABLE COMBINATION---ESPECIALLY UNDER THE INSPIRED LEADERSHIP OF SUCH A MAN AS FRANCIS DRAKE! SPAIN'S BEST SHIPS WERE BLOWN OUT OF THE WATER---BUT THE MAJOR PORTION OF THE ARMADA ANCHORED IN CALAIS ROADS ON JULY 27TH, REGROUPING FOR A LAST-DITCH OFFENSE! HERE THEY WERE PROTECTED FROM A GATHERING STORM WHICH WOULD SCATTER THE ENGLISH ALONG THE CHANNEL---AND GIVE THE ARMADA ITS CHANCE FOR A COMEBACK! HOW TO GET THE SPANISH OUT OF THIS HARBOR IN TIME TO STRIKE A DEATH BLOW? TRAINED BRITISH SEAMEN WERE STUMPED---AND IT REMAINED FOR A FORMER APPRENTICE BOY TO COME UP WITH A GREAT IDEA!



HOW DARE YOU PRESUME ON OUR PAST ASSOCIATION TO OFFER ME ADVICE DURING BATTLE! YOU, A MERE BOY---BE OFF, BEFORE I PUT YOU IN IRONS!

BUT---BUT ADMIRAL, I--- I JUST THOUGHT THAT IF WE HAD SUCH GREAT SUCCESS AGAINST THE SPANISH BEFORE IN THE BAY OF CADIZ BY USING FIRE, WE COULD---



FIRE! THAT WAS ALL VERY WELL UNDER COVER OF NIGHT AND BY USING STEALTH AND SURPRISE, YOU YOUNG NINNY--- BUT THIS IS BATTLE! THEY'LL BE ON THE WATCH---

I KNOW--- BUT I'VE GOT THIS ALL FIGURED OUT! WE TAKE THE CREWS OFF OUR MOST WORTHLESS SHIPS, SET THEM ABLAZE---AND LET THE TIDES CARRY THEM IN ON THE ARMADA! EITHER THE SPANISH BURN AT ANCHOR--- OR THEY COME OUT FIGHTING!



DRAKE MAY HAVE BEEN STUBBORN, OPINIONATED--- BUT HE WAS A MAN---WITH THE INTELLIGENCE TO RECOGNIZE GOOD ADVICE, NO MATTER WHAT ITS SOURCE! QUICKLY HE MADE HIS DECISION---AND THAT NIGHT---

FIRE! WE... WE'LL BE BURNED ALIVE!

ALL HANDS ON DECK! RAISE ANCHOR!



OUT SAILED THE SPANISH ARMADA---TO FIND DRAKE WAITING FOR THEM! THEN CAME THAT FINAL, MIGHTY BATTLE THAT WROTE HISTORY! UNERRINGLY, THE BRITISH GUNS ROARED THEIR MESSAGE OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION---AND THE FEW SPANISH SHIPS THAT WERE LEFT LIMPED FOR HOME IN ABJECT DEFEAT! FOR THE DEFENDERS, A GLORIOUS VICTORY---AND ENGLAND WAS SAVED!



AND AS FOR ME? IN MY WILDEST DREAMS, I, JEREMY JONES, HAD NEVER ENVISIONED ANYTHING LIKE THIS! QUEEN ELIZABETH---AND I---

TO YOU, JEREMY---FOR LOYAL SERVICE WHICH THE BRITISH EMPIRE WILL NEVER FORGET!



WELL, READER---YOU'VE MET JEREMY JONES! HE'LL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE---IN A BLAZING ADVENTURE YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

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Wear any ring 5 days at our risk! You must be delighted or your money comes back! **RUSH ORDER TODAY** with thin strip of paper to show ring size. Get several for gifts—while this amazing offer holds good!



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A rednef men's ring of superb craftsmanship with massive Pseudo Ruby & Diamonds. No. 408—a bargain! Only 1.98.



Star Studded

3 GIANT Pseudo Diamonds—a ring for well-dressed men! Gleaming electro gold plated. Really a knockout! No. 362. Reduced to 1.98.



Royal Peacock

Glamour! Has 35 Rainbow color sparkling Rhinestones. Natural gold color setting. No. 331. Only 1.98.



Masonic Ring

A door opener! Masonic emblem in bold relief on simulated flat-top ruby. Flanked by 2 imported pseudo Diamonds. Gold color band. No. 323. 1.98.



"Big 5" For Men

Extra heavy! 5 Pseudo Diamonds—hard to tell from genuine! Gold plated. Big price reduction! No. 319. Only 1.98.



Cocktail Cluster

Looks like \$500 cocktail ring! 10 fine pseudo diamonds & ruby. Gold color mount. No. 340. 1.98.



Modern Wedding Ring

Beautifully embossed by Baso-relief process. In natural gold color. No. 301. 1.98.



Men's Initial Ring

Your initial in 3-D relief on pseudo Ruby. Flanked by 2 imitation diamonds. A real stunner! No. 401. Only 1.98.



Romantic Friendship

Women feel proud wearing this splendid friendship ring. Same styling as diamond-rings selling for \$500. No. 309. Only 1.98.



Lifetime Bliss

Lovely classical engagement ring! 5 brilliant Pseudo Diamonds. Natural gold color band. Perfect beginning for courtship! No. 357. 1.98.



Chief Geronimo

Massive, extra heavy men's ring. 3 Dimensional head in fine example of inspired Indian craftsmanship! Gold plated. No. 351—only 1.98.



Eternal Love

Gorgeous rings—12 sparkling Pseudo Diamonds. Natural gold color bands. 1.98 each ring. Both for 3.50. No. 311.



Entwined Hearts

Friendship ring of delicate beauty to be cherished for years! 2 "Hope" simulated Rubies. Entwined hearts. Gold color band. No. 413—1.98.



Twin Charmer

A ladies' ring that out-dazzles some expensive ones! Lovely Sterling band, set with 2 large & 4 small pseudo diamonds. No. 341. 1.98.



Broadway

A real man's ring! 3 extra large brilliant imitation diamonds on 14 K rolled gold plate heavy band. No. 411. 1.98.



The Sparkler

This brilliant pseudo Diamond appears to be on fire! Large circular sparkler on 14 K. rolled gold plate band. No. 336. Only 1.98.



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CAVEBOY

RELKA was a caveboy. That meant that he lived long, long ago, in that distant age long before recorded history. He and his whole tribe dwelled in caves, and nature was their enemy. They didn't know how to shield themselves against the elements, their weapons were primitive and fierce beasts preyed upon them. There was a reason for all this, of course--the cave-man mentality just wasn't up to what we regard as passable human standards. But there were exceptions, of course, and Relka was one of them. Not that any of us would have considered him particularly intelligent-looking. Compared to today's boy, he was undersized and underweight, with a low brow and sunken eyes. But behind that brow was a thinking-power which surpassed that of any other member of his tribe. He felt, for instance, that there must be some useful weapon aside from the familiar club. In vain, he attempted to explain to the elders of the tribe that a club might be all right in its place, but that it could not avail except at close quarters -- and being at close quarters with certain of their animal enemies spelled automatic death for the cavemen in any instance! At first they laughed at him; then grew angry that a boy should attempt to advise his elders. And after several severe beatings, Relka learned to keep his own counsel. He knew he could expect no help from the tribe--so he concentrated on working things out for himself.

It had to be a weapon that could be used at a distance, rather than in hand-to-hand combat, but what could that be? As he thought furiously, he amused himself by throwing stones into the water. Hmm...you could throw things at an enemy, and thus avoid having to come to close grips. But throwing stones wouldn't get you very far--not against the mighty beasts which menaced the cavemen in their everyday existence. But what else could be thrown? What could have a chance of hurting, stopping a large animal? Wait--something that could pierce its body--even as Tonlak, mightiest hunter among the cavemen, had met his end by falling upon a sharpened rock. So this thing, whatever it would be, had to be pointed--and capable of being hurled! Relka began experimenting. He learned that in order to throw the object

with force, it required place for a handhold. Trial and error taught him that a long wooden shaft with balance allowed for a hard and true toss -- and that a sharpened stone head made his weapon a thing of potential danger. But still, it had never been tried -- and its first trial was a thing of tense adventure.

It seemed that Relka's efforts had been noticed -- and resented -- by others, who felt that he was wasting valuable time that might better be spent in hunting for food. A delegation of the tribe's most important hunters called upon the boy's father in his cave. Angrily they pointed at him as he sat there grimly sharpening the head of his new plaything. It must be taken from him and broken, it was decided -- when suddenly, there was a scream. One of the women was pointing out of the mouth of the cave in terror. There, ascending the steep, rocky slope which led to the cave, was a gigantic bear. It had scented human prey -- and there was nothing that could stop it!

Yes, there was reason for fear. This was a cave-bear -- perhaps five times the size of the modern grizzly. Against him, the cavemen had only their clubs. They knew it would be over soon -- that they would perish in one wild orgy of ferocity. Already the monster was close, its mouth open and hideously snarling. There was no hope, no help for them, they thought--but they hadn't reckoned on Relka! Suddenly he was on his feet, in a half-crouch, his "plaything" poised. It was not for nothing that he had chosen a balanced shaft, affixed a hard stone sharpened to razor edge and needle point. And he had practiced throwing it, too, carefully gaining accuracy! Now was the moment of supreme test! Was he merely a child with a toy -- or the developer of a great new weapon? As the huge bear charged forward, Relka hurled the shaft with all his strength. With whip-lash strength, it struck -- its stone head piercing the beast's heart. There was a blasting roar -- and the huge bear dropped in its tracks, dead!

And in this fashion did the spear first come into being. To Relka went all of the tribe's honors -- befitting a hero who possessed the power of thought -- and used it for a great deed in human progress!

WHAT IS THE WEST? NOT THE LAND OF HIGH HEROICS THAT THE MOVIE SCREEN WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE...WHERE THE GUITAR-TWANGING COWBOY DOWNED HOSTS OF BADMEN AND ENDED UP IN THE ARMS OF THE LOVELY HEROINE! NO, THE WEST IS THE ONE PLACE WHERE TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION...AND INFINITELY MORE THRILLING! IT WAS CARVED OUT IN THE BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS OF LIVING, BREATHING MEN...IN TALES OF TENSE AND BLAZING DRAMA THAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED! HERE'S ONE SUCH TALE, CONTAINING FACTS HITHERTO NEVER REVEALED! ALL OF YOU HAVE HEARD OF JIMMY FARNUM! HE'S HERE IN PERSON...A HERO OUT OF HISTORY...BRINGING YOU ALL OF THE BREATHLESS PERIL AND HIGH ADVENTURE OF A BOY'S LIFE AS A...

Frontier Scout!



1840...A TRADING-POST AT JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI...

I'M ORGANIZING A WAGON-TRAIN TO STRIKE SOUTHWEST RATHER THAN WEST, HENDERSON...FOR BETTER FARMING COUNTRY! I'VE GOT TO HAVE A GUIDE WHO KNOWS THE TERRITORY...AND CAN GUARANTEE AGAINST HOSTILE INDIANS!

THEN I'M YER MAN, DANTON! I KNOW THAT COUNTRY LIKE A BOOK...AN' THE ONLY INJUNS THERE ARE A FEW PEACEFUL KIOWAS!



THEY'LL RUN LIKE RABBITS IF THEY EVEN SEE A WHITE MAN! WHY, I...

YER LYIN', HENDERSON!



I BEEN THAR...AN' I WAS LUCKY TUH KEEP MUH HAIR! THAT LAND'S SWARMIN' WITH HOSTILES...AN' YUH KNOW IT!

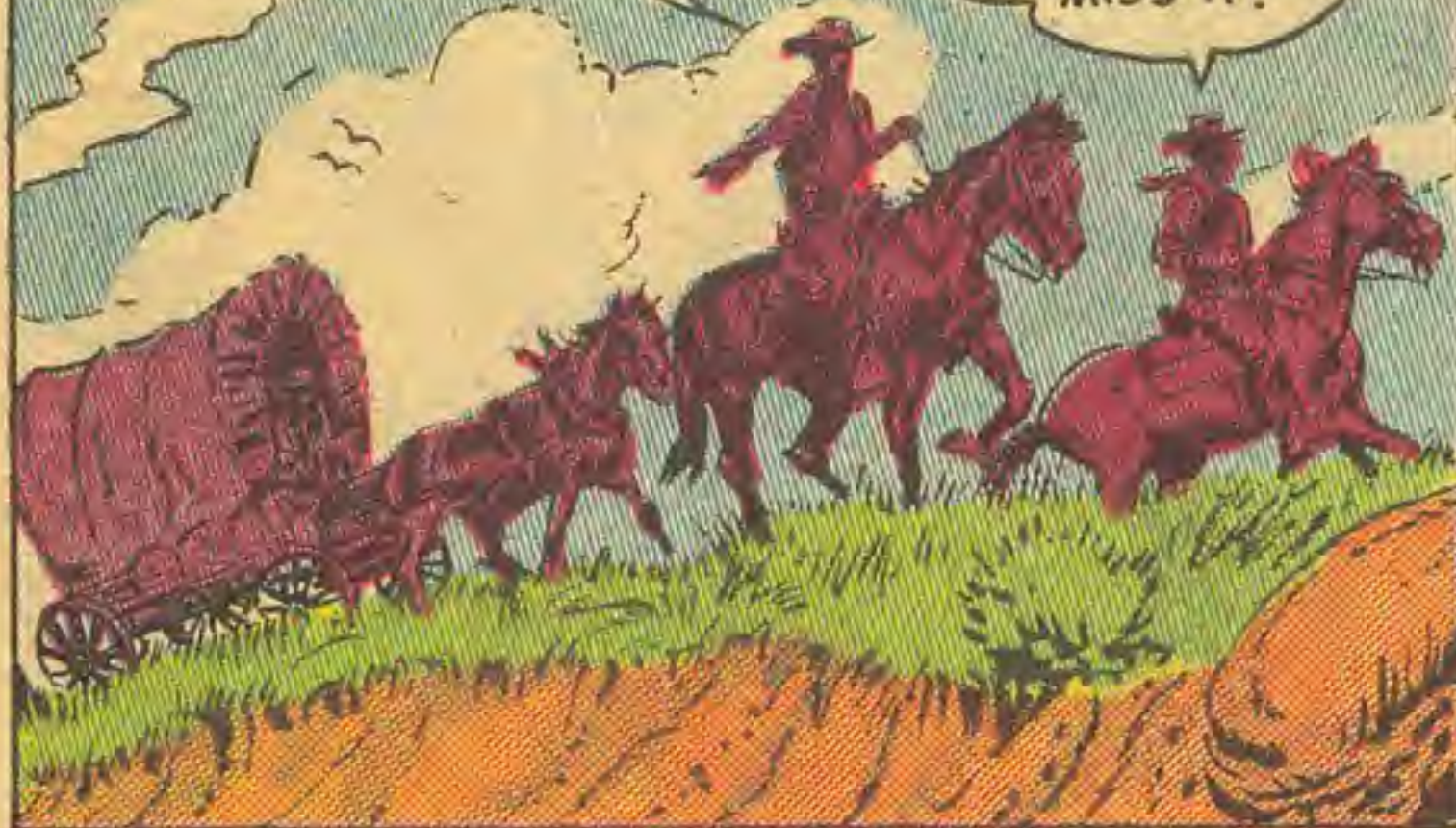




WHATEVER ONE COULD SAY ABOUT HIM, HENDERSON KNEW THE SOUTHWEST ROUTE WELL! HE SEEMED TO KNOW EXACTLY WHERE HE WAS LEADING HIS CHARGES... EVEN WHEN, OCCASIONALLY, HE MADE STRANGE DETOURS...

THERE'S A VALLEY DOWN THERE THAT LOOKS LIKE EASIER TRAVELING! WHY THIS WAY?

AW, THAR'S A SWIFT STREAM RUNNIN' THROUGH THE VALLEY WE CAN'T FORD! GOIN' THIS WAY, WE MISS IT!



BUT JIMMY, WISHING TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT, TOOK THE VALLEY ROUTE! HE FOUND NO STREAM! INSTEAD...

SO THIS IS WHY NOTHIN' WAS EVER HEARD OF THE PETERS WAGON TRAIN! HENDERSON KNEW IT... HE WAS THEIR GUIDE! AN' NOW HE'S GUIDIN' THE DANTON OUTFIT AWAY FROM HERE, SO'S THEY CAN'T SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED!



IN A FLASH, THE BOY FRONTIER SCOUT KNEW THE ANSWER! AND THE NEXT MOMENT, WHAT HE SAW CONFIRMED IT ALL!

INUUN SMOKE! RECKON I BETTER MOSEY OVER AN' LOOK INTUH IT PRONTO... AN' QUIET!



BUT SOMEBODY ELSE HAD ALSO SEEN THE SMOKE SIGNALS... AND DRAWN HIS OWN CONCLUSIONS!

MAYBE I AM JUST AN EASTERNER WHO DOESN'T KNOW THIS COUNTRY... BUT I KNOW ENOUGH TO REALIZE THOSE ARE INDIAN SMOKE SIGNALS!

YUH'RE LOCO... I'M TELLIN' YUH IT'S JUST VAPOR, FROM HOT SPRINGS! I'LL PROVE IT TUH YUH...



...WE'LL RIDE OVER THAR AN' INVESTIGATE FER OURSELVES! IF THAR WAS EVEN A CHANCE IT WAS INJUNS, I WOULDN'T WANNA RISK MYSELF, WOULD I?

SOUNDS REASONABLE! BUT JUST TO BE SAFE WHILE WE'RE AWAY, I'LL ORDER THE WAGON-TRAIN TO MOVE TO THE TOP OF THE HILL, WHERE IT CAN COMMAND THE SLOPES! AND I'LL POST A DOUBLE GUARD!



WHEN THEY HAD REACHED THE AREA FROM WHICH THE SIGNALS HAD BEEN OBSERVED...

WHAT DID I TELL YUH? NOTHIN'!

I DON'T SEE ANY HOT SPRINGS... BUT I DO SEE SOME SCATTERED ASHES! THERE WAS A FIRE HERE, HENDERSON--AN INDIAN FIRE!



THEN...SUDDENLY...

OH-HHHH...

HOW RIGHT YUH WERE, DANTON!

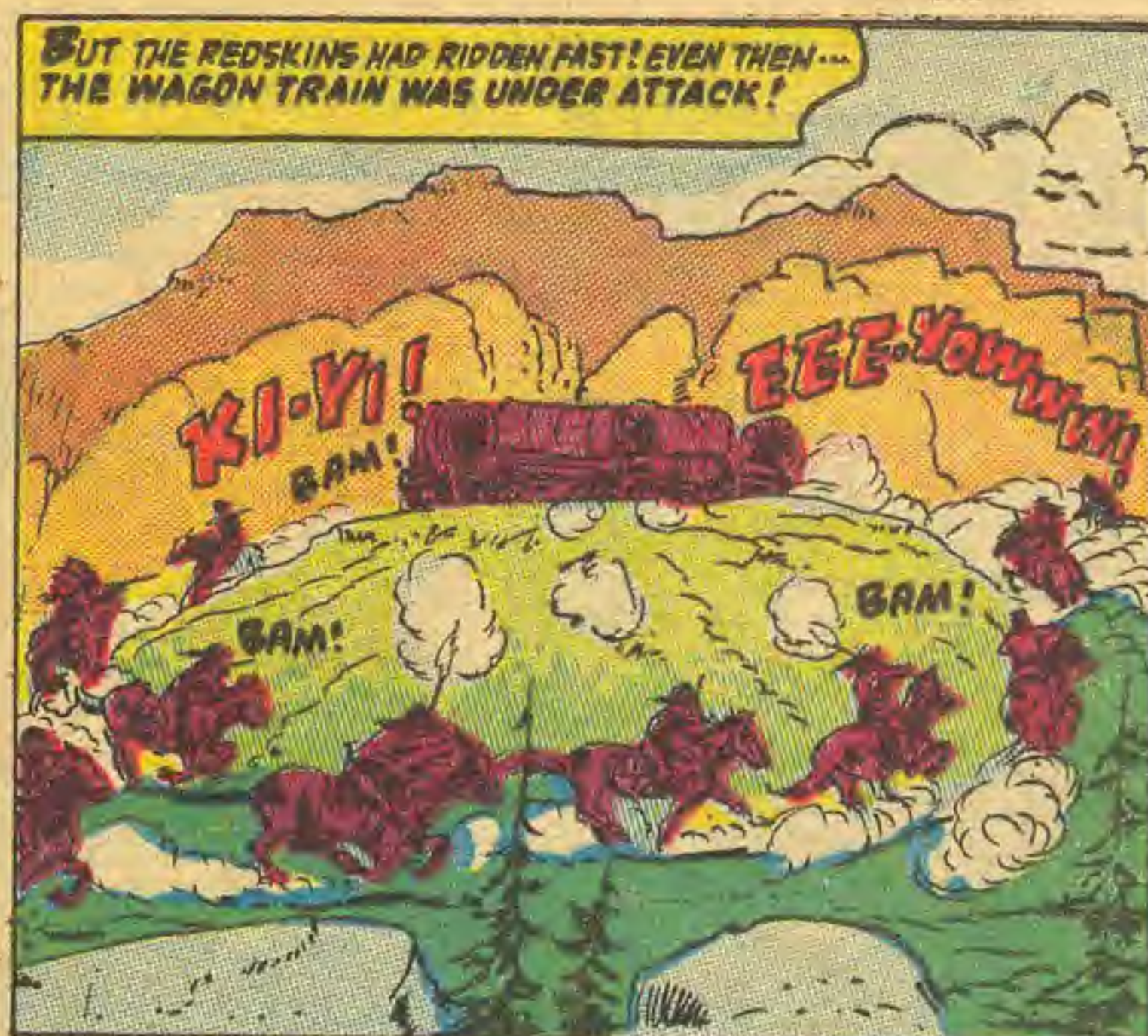


WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN--NOT EVEN TO LISTEN TO A BOY, THAT JIMMY PARNUM, WHEN HE TRIED TO WARN ME AGAINST YOU! WHAT'S YOUR GAME, YOU TRAITOR?

YUH'RE PRETTY DUMB IF YUH HAVEN'T FIGGERED IT OUT! WE GOT A LITTLE UNDERSTANDIN', THE KIWAS AN' ME! I LEAD THE WAGON-TRAIN RIGHT TO 'EM... FER 20% OF THE LOOT!









Magic Dutch Rock Garden

Grows in 4 DAYS



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\$1.00

Grows
in 4 Days
Lasts for months
in any season

Winter-Summer,
Spring or Fall
Grow grasses green
and flowers tall.

Boys & girls, here's exciting news. News about something entirely different! Now, you can grow a real garden of your very own—right in your own home. Yes, here's an amazing

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magic garden you set up and plant yourself in a few minutes. Grow real grass and flowers in just a few days! You'll thrill to the magic of Mother Nature as you watch the grass sprout and the flowers take root and grow right before your eyes. In no time at all you'll have a colorful, healthy garden—and what a kick you'll get playing gardener, cutting the grass, watering the plants, and tending the lovely sweet-smelling flowers. You can even clip a beautiful bunch of flowers for mom, or friend. All your friends will wonder how you were able to make things grow—They'll all want you to show them how!

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Rush my Magic Dutch Rock Gardens on approval for only \$1.00. If I am not completely satisfied I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

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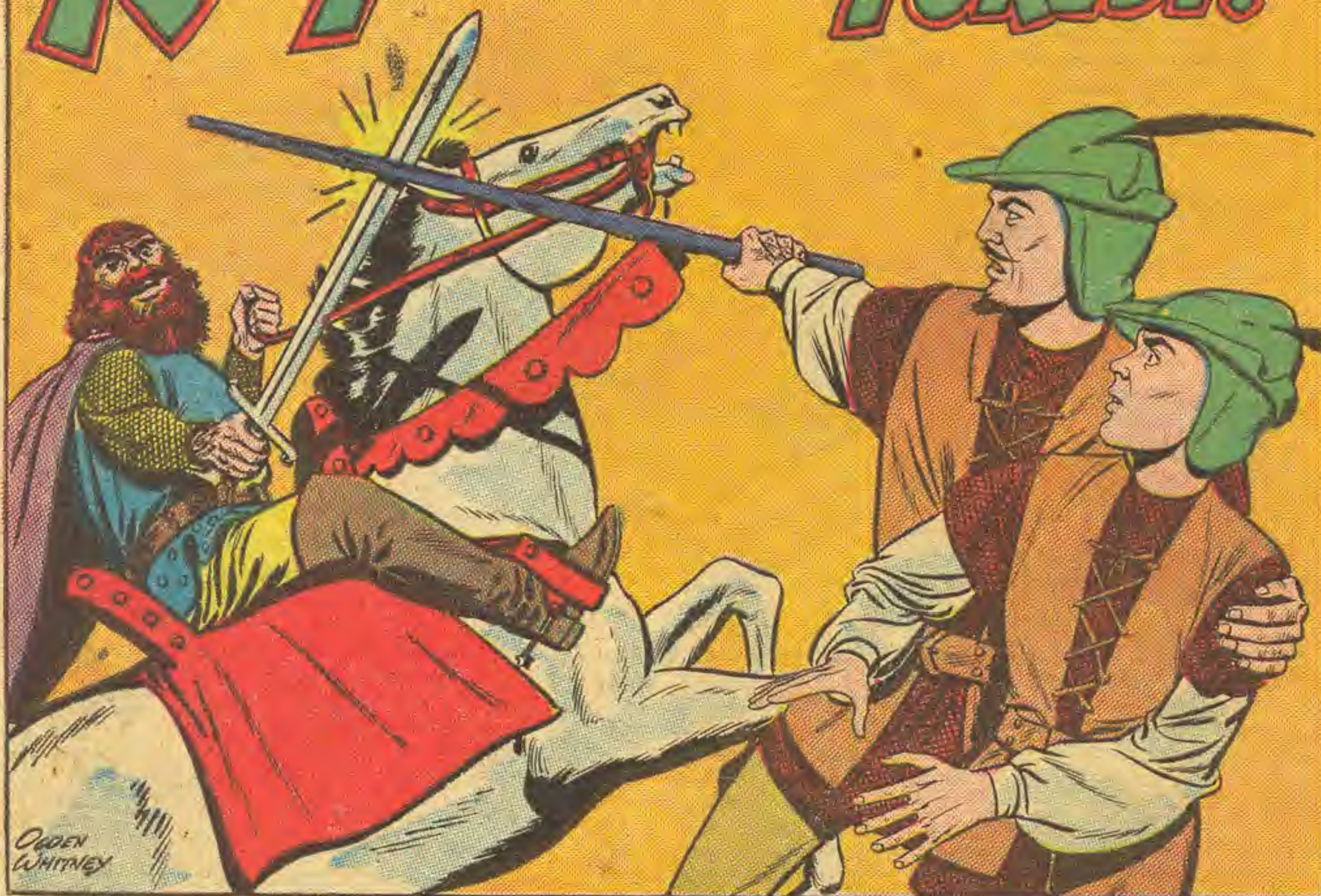
☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$1 plus a few cents postage.

☐ I enclose \$1.00 for my garden. You pay postage. Same money back guarantee.



WHO DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN... THAT FIGHTING, CAROUSING CREW THAT SWASH-
BUCKLED THROUGH THE GLORIOUS PAGES OF ENGLISH HISTORY DURING THE 12TH CENTURY? CORRUPT OFFICIALS CALL-
ED THEM OUTLAWS... BUT THERE WAS A GALLANTRY, A SENSE OF FEARLESS JUSTICE THAT FAVORED GENEROSITY
TO THE POOR... AND RETRIBUTION TO THOSE WHO GAINED WEALTH BY EVIL! IT'S HARD TO TELL WHERE FACT LEAVES
OFF AND FICTION COMMENCES... BUT ANCIENT LEGENDS WHISPER OF A YOUNG COMPANION OF ROBIN HOOD...
A COURAGEOUS LAD WHO SHARED ROBIN'S MOST BLAZING ADVENTURES! HERE'S HIS STORY AS IT HAS COME
DOWN TO US... THE DRAMATIC TALE OF...

ROGER OF SHERWOOD FOREST!



THE YEAR, 1163... THE PLACE, SHER-
WOOD FOREST IN OLDE ENGLAND...

THERE'S NONE
HERE CAN HIT
THE MARK,
ROBIN! COME
...SHOW US
HOW IT'S
DONE!

A MOMENT,
ALLAN!...HOW NOW,
GOOD FRIAR TUCK?
'TIS UNHAPPY
YOU'RE LOOKING...



IS THERE NOTH-
ING BETTER TO
DO THAN MAKE
SPORT WITHIN
THE GREENWOOD
...WHEN EVEN
NOW, THE SHERIFF
OF NOTTINGHAM
MAY BE PLOTTING
AGAINST YOU?

FEAR NOT, GOOD
FRIAR... THAT OVER-
STUFFED OX HAS
NEVER SEEN THE
DAY WHEN HE CAN
FOOL **ROBIN
HOOD!**



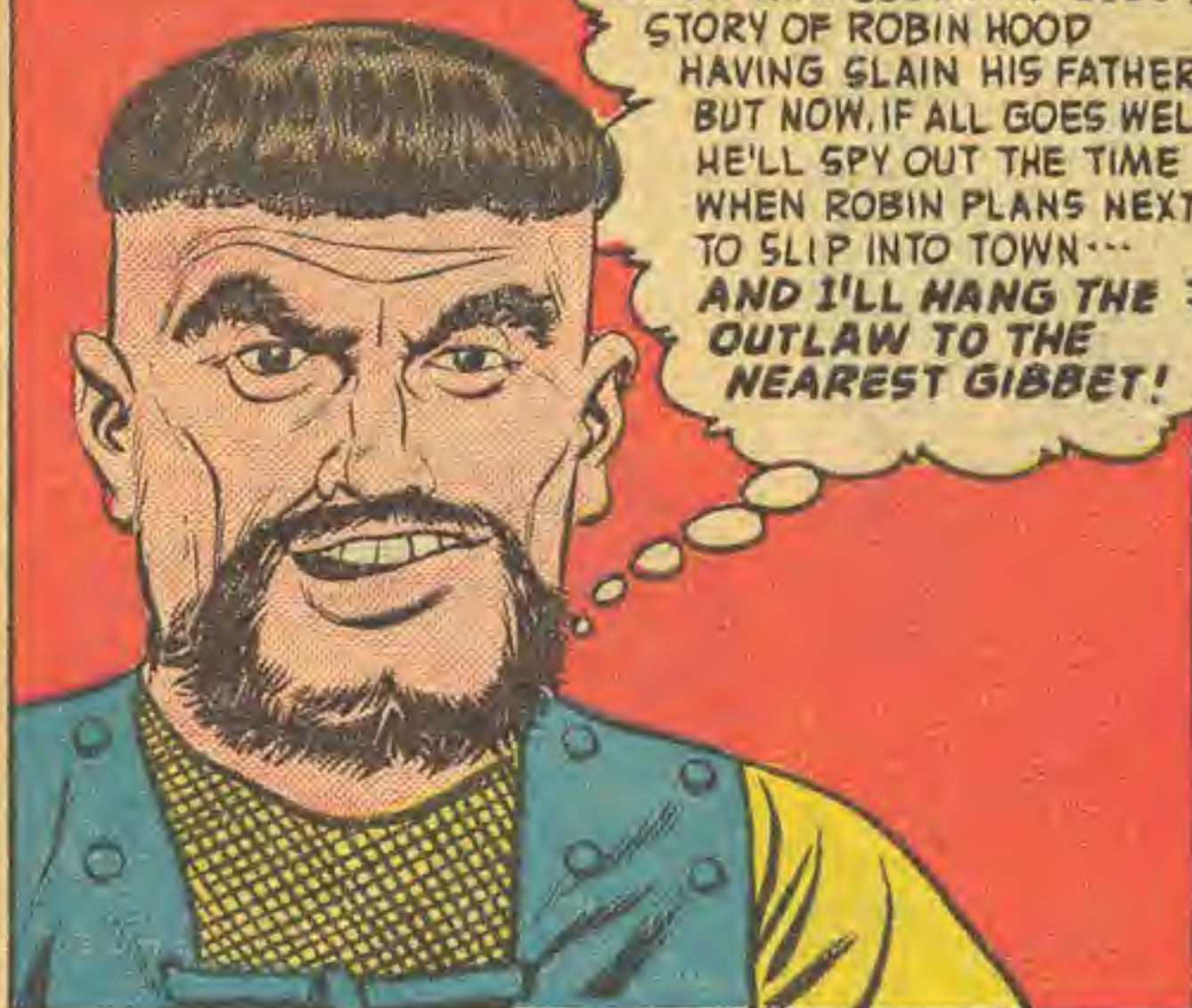
BUT EVEN THEN, THE SHERIFF WAS
READYING HIS MASTER PLAN! LONG HAD
HE TRAINED ROGER, HIS NEPHEW, FOR
JUST SUCH A TIME AS THIS...

REMEMBER, ROGER
...HE IS THE KNAVE
WHO MURDERED YOUR
FATHER TEN LONG
YEARS AGO! NOW
THE TIME IS RIPE
FOR **REVENGE**...
IF YOU HAVE THE
COUR-
AGE!

HAVE I NOT
SWORN TO GO
TO ANY LENGTHS
TO BRING ABOUT
HIS DEATH? I
SHALL DON THE
CLOTHES YOU HAVE
PREPARED... **AND
SET FORTH
IMMEDI-
ATELY!**



AND AS HE WATCHED HIS NEPHEW DEPART ON A GRIM AND DANGEROUS MISSION...



HA... I'VE BROUGHT HIM UP ON THAT COCK-AND-BULL STORY OF ROBIN HOOD HAVING SLAIN HIS FATHER! BUT NOW, IF ALL GOES WELL, HE'LL SPY OUT THE TIME WHEN ROBIN PLANS NEXT TO SLIP INTO TOWN... AND I'LL HANG THE OUTLAW TO THE NEAREST GIBBET!

THE PLOT CALLED FOR ROGER, DISGUISED IN RAGS, TO LOSE HIMSELF IN SHERWOOD FOREST...



HELP! HELP!... IS THERE NONE TO AID A LOST WAYFARER?

I'VE BEEN WANDERING FOR HOURS... I SHOULD HAVE ENCOUNTERED ONE OF THE OUTLAW BAND LONG SINCE!

HOLD THY NOISE, CAITIFF... LEST I LOOSE AN ARROW AT THY THROAT!



HOLD... 'TIS BUT A LAD!

HE HAS INVADDED OUR FOREST PRESERVE... WE HAD BEST BRING HIM BEFORE ROBIN!



THIS WAS ROGER'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE FAMOUS ROBIN HOOD! HE FOUND IT HARD TO CONCEAL HIS HATRED AS HE TOLD HIS WELL-REHEARSED STORY...

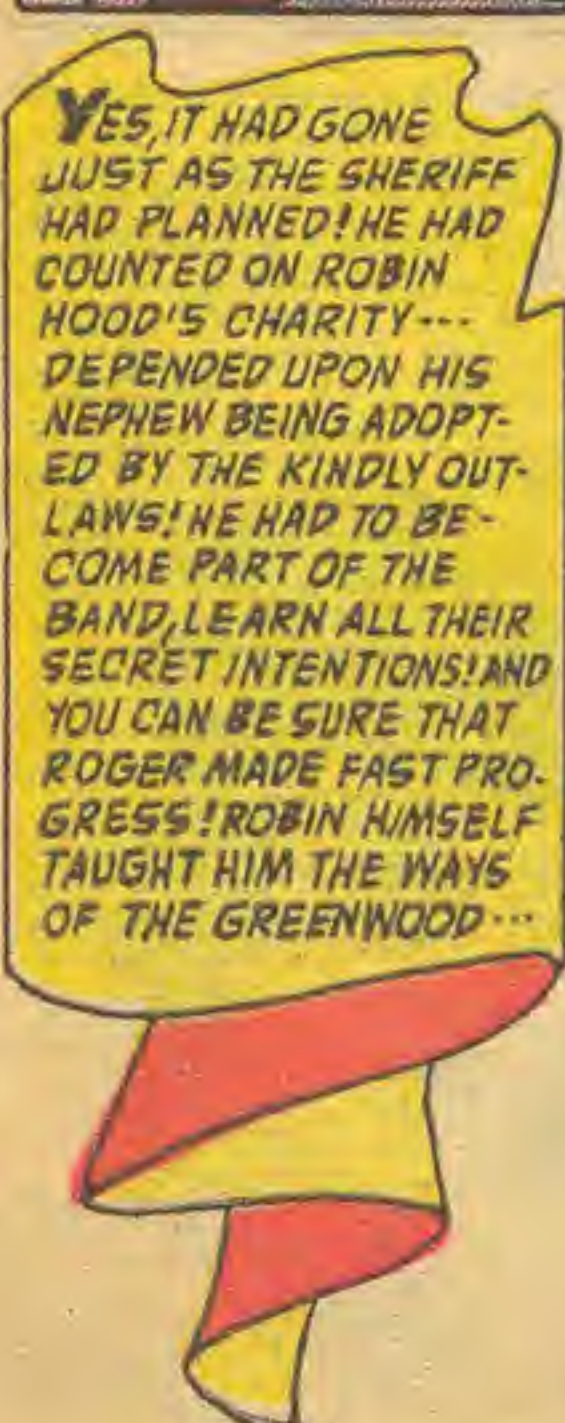
MY FATHER IS BUT A POOR FARMER... AND THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM SEIZED HIM FOR NOT PAYING TAXES! THEY'D HAVE SEIZED ME, TOO... BUT I ESCAPED AND HID HERE TO ELUDE THEM! BUT NOW... NOW I'LL STARVE...

NAY, LAD... FEAR NOT!



ANY ENEMY OF THE SHERIFF IS MY FRIEND! AND THOU ART POOR AND IN NEED! WE'LL LOOK AFTER YOU, ROGER! FROM NOW ON... THOU ART PART OF MY MERRY BAND!

I... THANK YOU, SIRE!



YES, IT HAD GONE JUST AS THE SHERIFF HAD PLANNED! HE HAD COUNTED ON ROBIN HOOD'S CHARITY... DEPENDED UPON HIS NEPHEW BEING ADOPTED BY THE KINDLY OUTLAWS! HE HAD TO BECOME PART OF THE BAND, LEARN ALL THEIR SECRET INTENTIONS! AND YOU CAN BE SURE THAT ROGER MADE FAST PROGRESS! ROBIN HIMSELF TAUGHT HIM THE WAYS OF THE GREENWOOD...



YE NEED A KEEN EYE TO AIM YOUR ARROW WELL, ROGER! DRAW IT BACK LIKE THIS...



A STAFF, RIGHTLY USED, CAN WITHSTAND A SWORD! NEVER LEAVE YOURSELF UNCOVERED...



NO MATTER HOW LARGE THINE OPPONENT... HE CAN BE HANDLED!

IT WAS AFTER ONE OF THESE INTIMATE SESSIONS THAT ROGER HEADED INTO THE FOREST ALONE! THE ECHOES OF ROBIN'S FRIENDLY VOICE STILL RANG IN HIS EARS...AND HE WAS DISTURBED BY HIS OWN INTENDED TREACHERY!

YES, HE SEEMS FRIENDLY ENOUGH...BUT THAT'S JUST HIS WAY! HE...HE'S REALLY A MURDERER AT HEART...



SUDDENLY...A WILD BOAR!

ARRR-RR!

OH...



THE FEROCIOUS BEAST WAS ALREADY UPON THE HELPLESS BOY...DEATH LOOMED CLOSE...WHEN SUDDENLY...

THWOK!

CARR-RRRR!

H-HELP!



NEXT MOMENT...

THERE! THY KILLING DAYS ARE OVER!



NOW THE BOY OWED HIS LIFE TO THE OUTLAW CHIEF! WAS IT ANY WONDER THAT HIS CONSCIENCE GNAWED DEEPLY?

YOU...YOU SAVED ME! I WOULD HAVE BEEN...DEAD, EXCEPT FOR YOU!

NONSENSE, ROGER! WE DO THESE THINGS FOR EACH OTHER, HERE IN THE FOREST!



AND WHEN ROGER STOLE OUT OF THE FOREST, AND REPORTED TO HIS UNCLE, THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM...

I LIKE IT NOT, THIS TREACHEROUS PLOT! AFTER WHAT HE HAS DONE FOR ME, HOW CAN I BETRAY ROBIN HOOD?

BUT WHAT ABOUT WHAT I HAVE DONE FOR YOU? DID I NOT REAR YOU... AFTER ROBIN SO CRUELLY SLEW THY FATHER? YOU CALL HIM KIND, THAT MISERABLE OUTLAW...



...BUT HE'S CRUEL! DID NOT THY FATHER BEG HIM FOR MERCY? BUT HE LAUGHED IN HIS FACE...AND SLIT HIS THROAT!

ENOUGH! KNOW THEE THAT ROBIN AND HIS MEN PLAN TO ATTEND THE NOTTINGHAM FAIR COME SATURDAY! THEY HOLD NO SECRET FROM ME... ROBIN WILL WEAR THE DISGUISE OF A BLUE FRIAR! SEIZE HIM...AND LET HIM DIE FOR HIS FOUL MURDER!



MAY HEAVEN FORGIVE WHAT I HAVE DONE, BUT IT--IT HAD TO BE! CAN MY FATHER'S BONES BE AT REST...WHILE HIS SLAYER WALKS THE EARTH?



AND SO, ALL UNAWARE OF IMPENDING DISASTER! ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN CAME TO THE NOTTINGHAM FAIR---

'TIS BEGGERS THAT WE SEEM, ROBIN---BUT WE'LL GATHER MANY A FAT PURSE ERE THE FAIR BE OVER!

I TROW I'LL GATHER MORE GOLD THAN ALL OF YE PUT TOGETHER! WE'LL MEET BACK IN SHERWOOD!

THE SHERIFF SAID TO LOOK FOR A **BLUE MONK**---AND THERE HE IS!

HE'LL FIGHT LIKE A DEVIL---WE'VE GOT TO **SURPRISE** HIM! MAKE SURE HE'S SURROUNDED ---AND THEN---

AND SO PLOTTING AND SURPRISE ACCOMPLISHED WHAT MAN-TO-MAN COMBAT COULD NEVER DO---AND ROBIN HOOD WENT DOWN BEFORE SHEER NUMBERS!

WE'VE GOT HIM!

THOU HAST ME, THOU FAT TUB O' LARD! BUT TELL ME, PRITHEE---HOW DID THOU PENETRATE MY DISGUISE?

HA-HA! I'LL SHOW THEE, SIR CUTPURSE---AND I'LL WARRANT 'T WILL BE A **SURPRISE**!

HAST MET MY **NEPHEW**? AH, WE STOLE A MARCH ON THEE, THE TWO OF US ---AND TRAPPED THEE LIKE A FOOLISH FOX!

ROGER! I'D AS SOON SUSPECT MY OWN SON OF SUCH TREACHERY! 'TIS NOT MY LIFE I CARE FOR---BUT I ---I LOVED THEE, LAD---

JUST BEFORE DAYBREAK---THE TIME SET FOR ROBIN'S EXECUTION---

I---I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! I'VE GOT TO GO TO HIM---TELL HIM WHY I DID IT---WHY I HAD THE **RIGHT** TO BETRAY HIM THUS!

---AND IF I OWED THEE MUCH, DID I NOT OWE MINE OWN FATHER MORE? I WAS BUT A BABE OF TWO WHEN THOU SLAYED HIM---

I SLAYED THY FATHER? AN ARRANT LIE, AND I'LL **PROVE** IT! I WAS NOT EVEN AN OUTLAW WHEN HE WAS KILLED---I HAD NOT EVEN COME TO THIS REGION! THE SHERIFF, THINE UNCLE, HAS LIED TO THEE ---TO INFLAME THY RAGE AGAINST ME!

TELL ME HE LIES, JAILER! IT IS TEN YEARS SINCE MY SIRE WAS FOULLY MURDERED NEAR SHERWOOD FOREST! WHEN DID ROBIN COME TO DWELL THERE?

NO MORE THAN SIX YEARS AGO!

ROGER KNEW THEN THAT HE HAD BEEN USED AS A DUPE... TO DELIVER AN INNOCENT MAN AND TRUE FRIEND FOR EXECUTION! RUSHING TO THE SHERIFF'S CHAMBERS...

HERE'S HIS HORN... I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN HE WAS WEARING IT UNDER HIS DISGUISE! I... I HOPE THERE'S TIME... THEY'LL BE LEADING HIM OUT TO THE GIBBET SOON!



HE RUSHED TO THE BATTLEMENTS... PLACED THE FAMOUS HORN TO HIS LIPS! THREE TIMES ITS PEALING BLAST WOKE THE ECHOES...

TANTARA!



THROUGHOUT THE FAIR, THERE WERE MEN WHO RECOGNIZED THE FAMILIAR NOTES... KNEW THEM AS A DESPERATE CALL FOR AID...

TANTARA!



EVEN THEN, DEATH LOOMED CLOSE... CLOSE...

PUSH THE ROGUE THIS WAY! LONG HAVE I AWAITED THE CHANCE TO STRETCH HIS NECK!



THEN... SUDDENLY...



BEFORE YOU KILL ROBIN HOOD... YOU'LL KILL ME!



HELP! SOMEBODY STOP HIM! MEN-OF-ARMS TO THE BATTLEMENTS... AND BRING HIM DOWN, BEFORE...





BUT ROGER HAD WON TIME...THE PRECIOUS MOMENTS NECESSARY FOR ROBIN'S BAND TO GATHER...AND STRIKE!



VAINLY THE SHERIFF CALLED UPON THE SUPERIOR NUMBERS OF HIS MEN-AT-ARMS! FOR THESE WERE THE VALIANT FIGHTERS OF SHERWOOD FOREST...BATTLING FOR THE LIFE OF THEIR BELOVED LEADER...



AND THAT NIGHT THERE WAS REJOICING IN SHERWOOD FOREST! A MUCH-LOVED ONE HAD RETURNED...TO STAY!

CAN...CAN YOU FIND IT IN THY HEART TO FORGIVE ME, ROBIN HOOD...AND ACCEPT ME BACK INTO OUR FOREST FRATERNITY?

LET THIS BE MY ANSWER! NEVER HAVE I HAD A SON...BUT WERE I TO HAVE ONE, WOULD THAT HE BE LIKE THEE, ROGER!



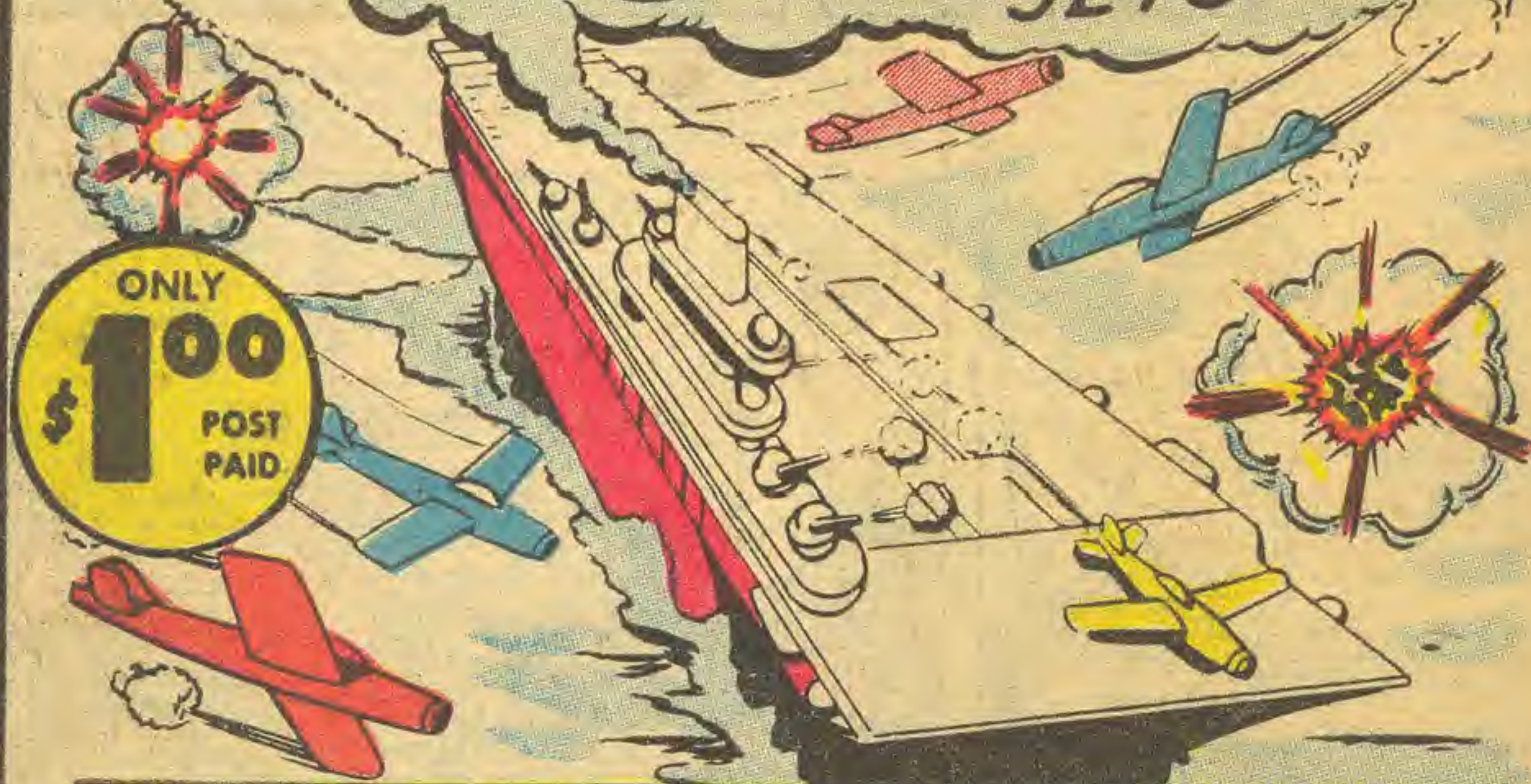
ROBIN HOOD'S ADOPTED SON! YOU'LL SEE HIM AGAIN IN OUR NEXT ISSUE...WHEN ROGER OF SHERWOOD FOREST RETURNS IN A THRILLING ADVENTURE!

THE END

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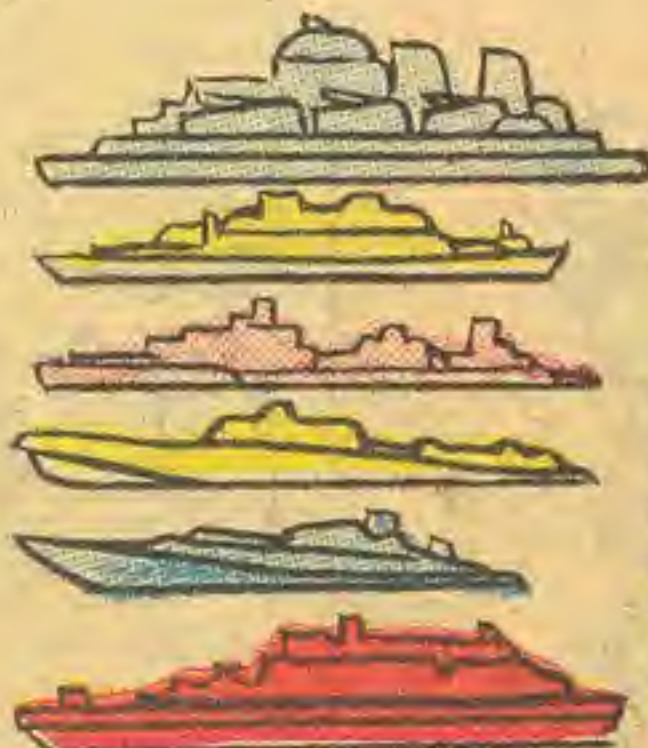
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I gained

**70 lbs. of
MIGHTY MUSCLE**

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says Cleveland.

I changed myself from
this ANEMIC SHRIMP
to this MUSCULAR HE-MAN

I added 6 inches
to each ARM

10 inches to my CHEST
says Ken Grimm.

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POWER-
PACKED
MUSCLES**

I Was a
Skinny,
Scared,
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Skeleton.
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Body is
the Best
in the
Neighbor-
hood. Pal
—Do as I
Did—Mail
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**AFTER
R. HIRSCH
BEFORE**

HOW TO MOLD
MIGHTY LEGS

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY BACK

**MIGHTY
BACK
NOW**

4

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY GRIP

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

5

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